

# SUMMER 2018 CATALOG



## INDIA

## Emil

DAY TRIP TOURS Inc.  
WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore  
JUNE 2018 SUMMER CATALOG ISSUE # 4





GREETING...TO ALL OUR EMIL FANS!

WELCOME BACK TO YET ANOTHER EPIC

(well sort of...kind of...maybe?)

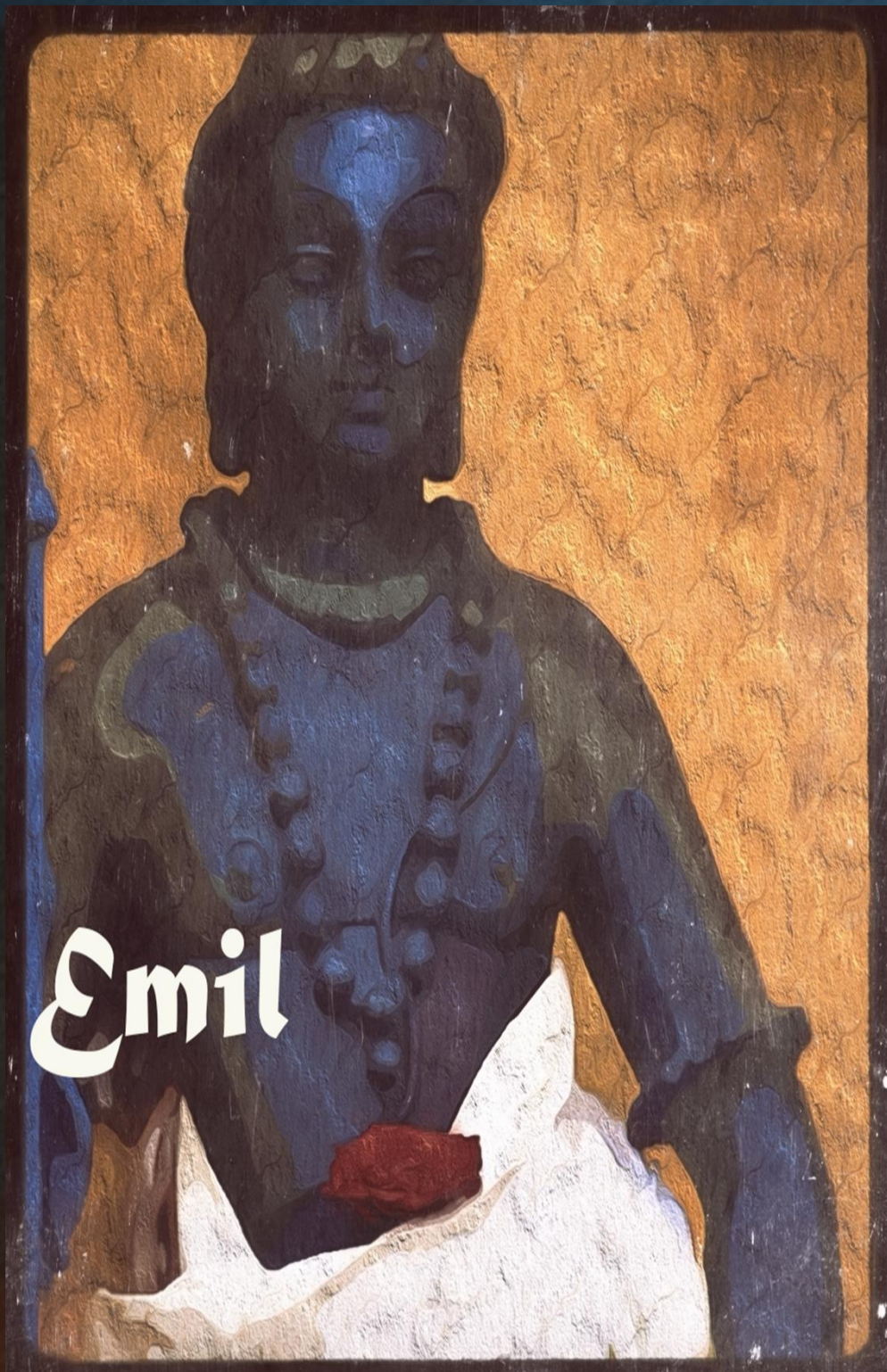
EMIL ADVENTURE!

Sorry...our accountant Charles reminded me tonight that we will need to hype and promote the heck out of Emil's newest venue...if we ever hope to recoup yet another month of outrageous cost over-runs and project advances. I am reminded about reading about American Carpetbaggers when I was a kid...they blew into a defeated southern town and round up anything of value...so good were they?

They were so good and expert at this task, they needed giant bags which they made out of giant sections of this finest carpet, out of the great, plantation homes...they were that good! This month, Emil could not only join their ranks but, he could be their general...Hear me, Emil?

**Seine Lagone**





Here is a shout out to all of you my fellow campers, compadres and to all those little bambinos out there, I ain't your daddy and to top it off, please understand that even though I write a lot of books, this doesn't mean that I am rich!

What part of, "I have no money" don't you understand?

So!

What ya say?

Please quit writing those nasty letters and threats about taking me to the Gerry Springer Show...

People's Court?

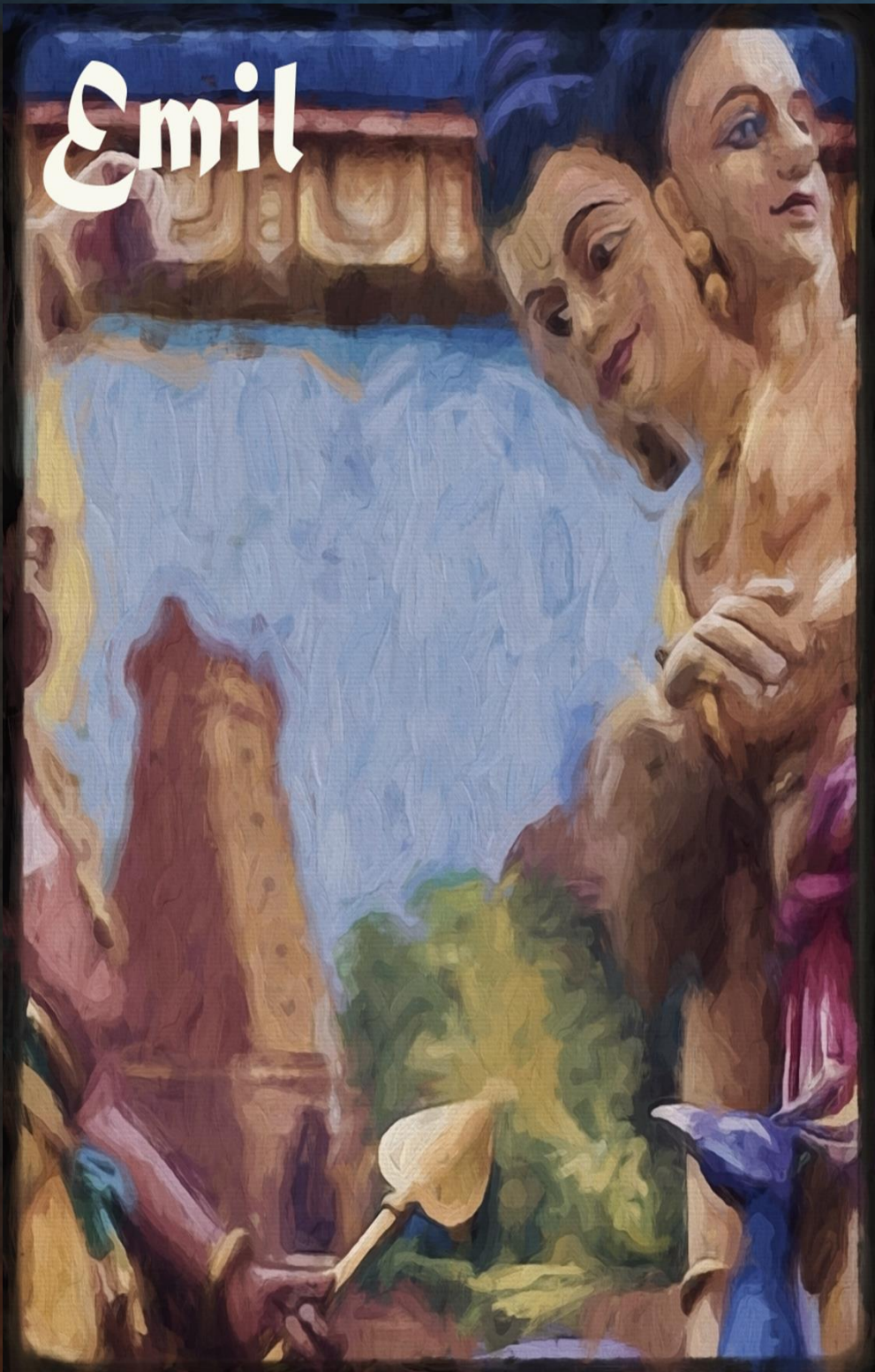
Right?

Damn all you trailer park gold diggers!

See, I know all about you!

You forget that my mother spent her entire life on a similar grail search for the "Triple Dipper."





I watched this play out, over the years, I understand the draw and the upbringing that lead you to this quest.

See, I understand that like my mother, you were raised to believe that you had no personal worth and the only value that you possessed was your ability to attract a man...as with the proper man came security, position in your community and to marry well was akin to an inner city kid actually making it into the NBA. See, I get it!

The dreamed “Triple Dipper” (who was a man getting on in years but who processed military, social service pensions and social security – thus, three retirement checks every month) was what you were raise to achieve as the pinnacle of your essence, like my mother, you were sold a bill of goods, you were brainwashed to believe that you truly needed this to be whole.

Yes, I did call you “trailer park gold diggers.”





Yes, that was rude but, I needed to get your attention.

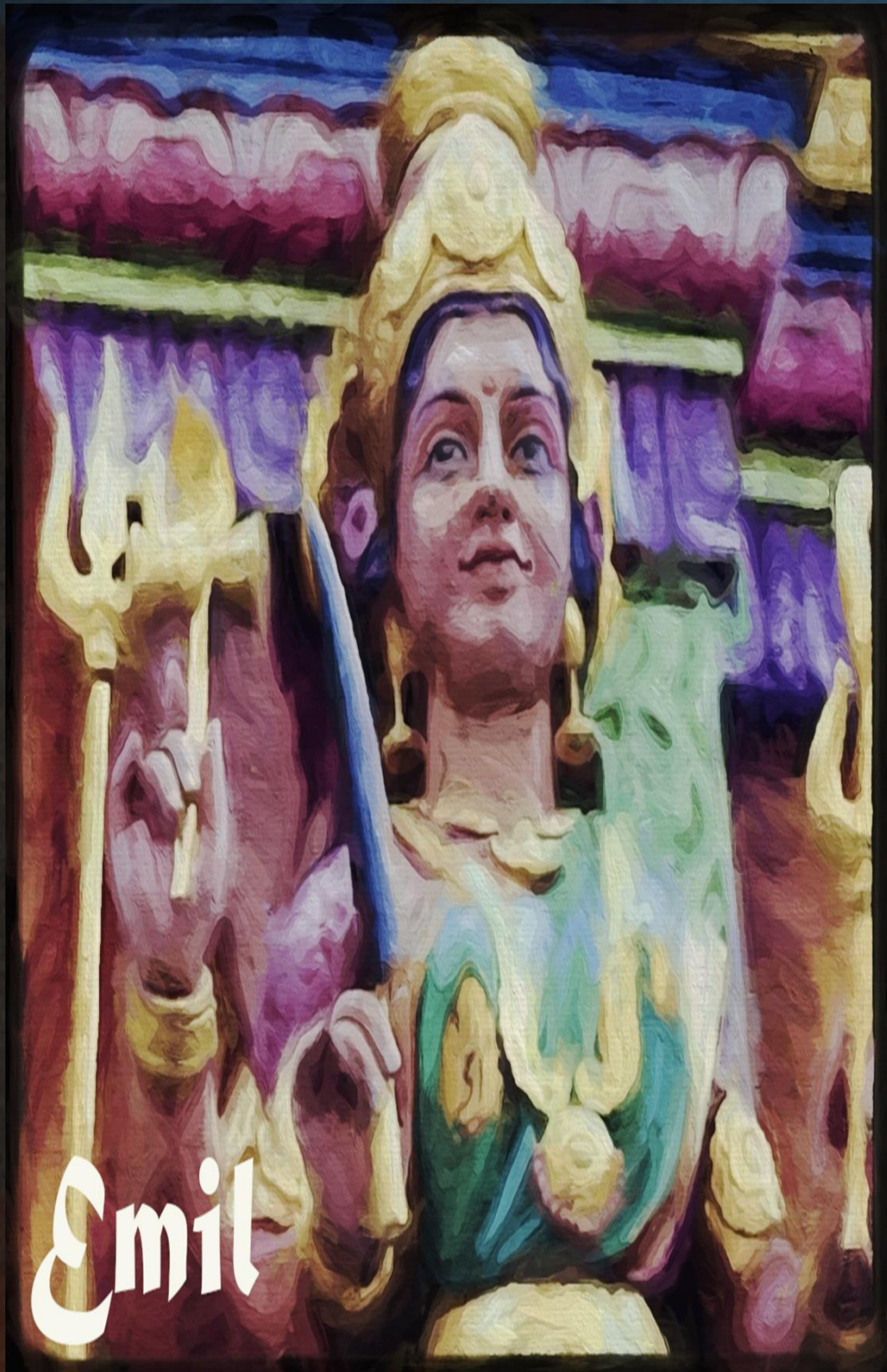
I hope that you, that you can someday, that you might be able to see the fool's errand of your way and manners in this new age of the "Me2" Movement, with their great support network to help abused and mistreated women to rise above these ancient stereotypes and achieve the greatness of which you are so, you are richly capable of achieving.

Besides, they have a great online gift shop with a wide selection of novelty tee-shirts, coffee mugs and an interesting selection of, they seem to be offering a wide assortment of fashionable, naughty underwear or is it protest wear?

Check them out!

On a side note that I hope you will take to heart as a well meant warning, my mother achieved her grail search and did acquired her





“triple dipper” but, sadly...for her it was achieved, only, much later in life and had taken her over nine tries to achieve.

Only after his rather quick passing away, was she to find that her dandy, her beloved “triple dipper” for whom she had invested the core of her young and most of her middle age years to achieve, only then, was she to discover there was a rather unseemly male (aren’t they all?) version of her and that he left behind a wake, a legacy of several wives, multiples of children and numerous bill collectors to contest her to each and every rightful peso that she might have had been entitled to as her final prize! Nothing comes easy and you must remember, that everything comes with a price...

Someone must always be paid and unless your cousin is a very good lawyer, you will reap very little of any reward or judgement.





Even worse, in the end, what little she received after a long bitter, pitched battle, was taken from her by her very own daughter, who decided to take a short cut and bypass the having to get married ten-to-twelve times to achieve the same success and took it directly from the source, leaving my mother in near destitute and nearly, she seemed to always be begging for money until the next month's checks arrived with her daughter glued to the mailbox, awaiting her pound of flesh.

How did I get to this conversation?

What led me to waste some much space to give some much unasked for advice to a group of diluted women, women, who in all truth, they will not heed my call for them to turn their lives away from the threat worn traditions of their mothers and grandmothers fantasies?

It all started innocently!





I got a call from a publication that said that they had read one of my books and found it rather odd but, funny and then, they asked would I like to be featured in an article that they were doing on “Blue Collar” and poor American Writers.

“Funny?”

Sure, why not!

Seine and everyone at WWWG including little (play on words as Chucky is a 250-300 pound, middle age man whose family hailed from Shanghai until the revolution) Chucky, they all would be so proud that I was doing my part to help promote my books.

Somehow...everything went sideways, everything went wrong from the day after the edition of the Globe (with my profile) started showing up in every laundry room, daycare center, free clinic and welfare office in America.





Get one little write up in the Globe Magazine and all the scammers, crooks and gold diggers leap up on the stage, knock you down and rummage your pockets for change.

I know!

This doesn't sound like the cool, laded back Emil, who always has the outrageous comeback and blinding insight into every day people's problems...remember my cool "I am a Cat!" response to the psychic woman from Canada...

Yea!

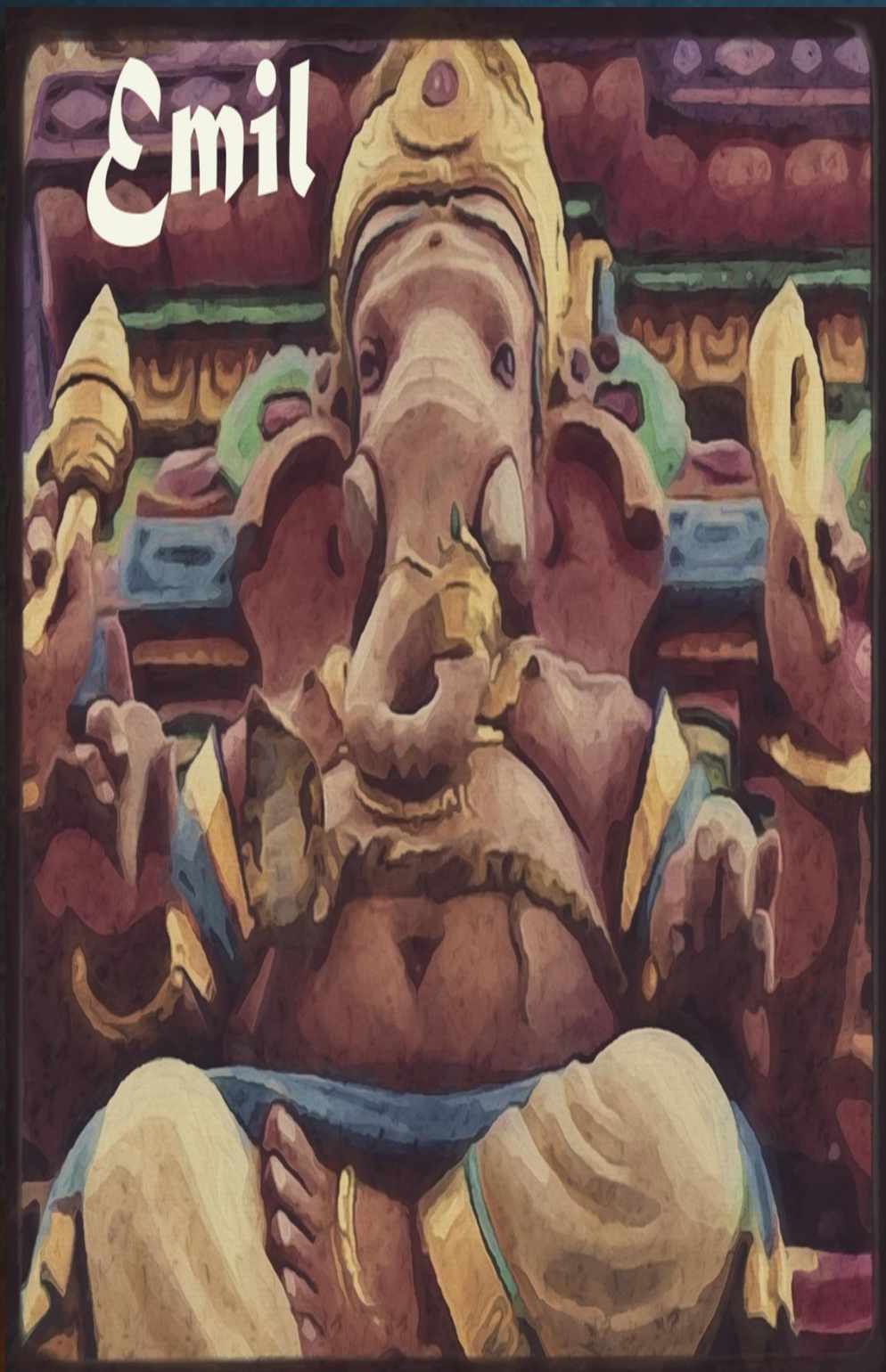
Where is that cool dude?

Where did his sense of cutting comeback depart to?

Well Campers!

It disappeared when, the first string of "you must be my long lost daddy" or "You no good scum...left me here with \_\_\_\_\_(insert child, youngster, pet...etc...) where is my money...ya bum...I should call Gerry Springer on ya!"





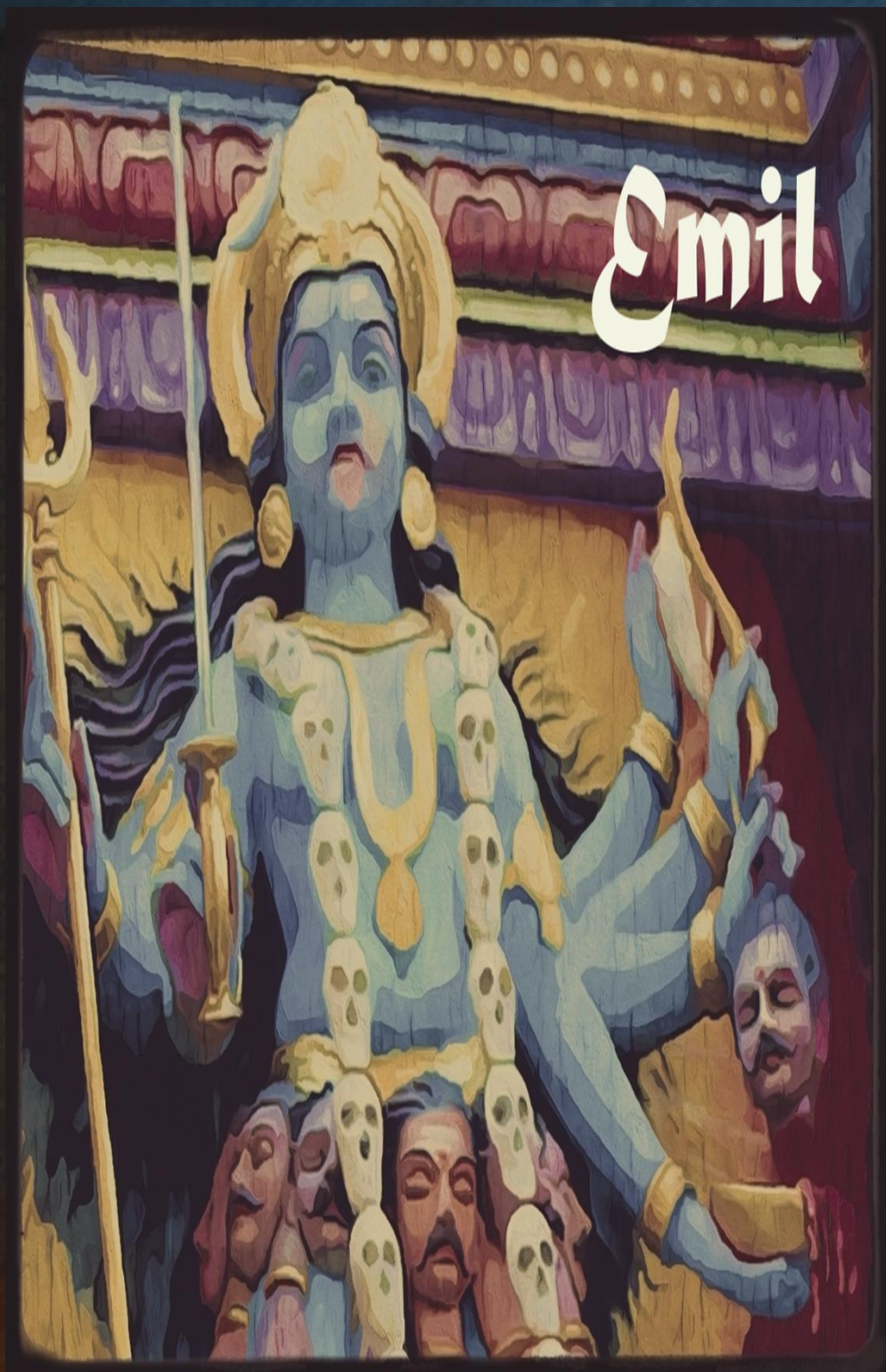
letters started to arrive at WWWG in Singapore.

WWWG, self-proclaimed to be a family friend publisher — well according to Seine; the “shit” hit the fan and when Mister Chucky said that he had received over 50 requests to garnish my advanced from unwed mothers and/or children that claimed me as the deadbeat daddy...including the state of Kentucky’s Child Enforcement Agency.

To be truthful, I argued the positive, the Hugh Hefner aspect and that his repetition (more than the contents) sold Playboy Magazine to the 1960’s Hipsters and made everyone around Hugh, made them extremely wealthy!

After the first twenty and with the rise of the Year of the Woman, in the entertainment industry...my, I thought brilliant, suggestion feel a part mostly Seine said to Singapore’s very



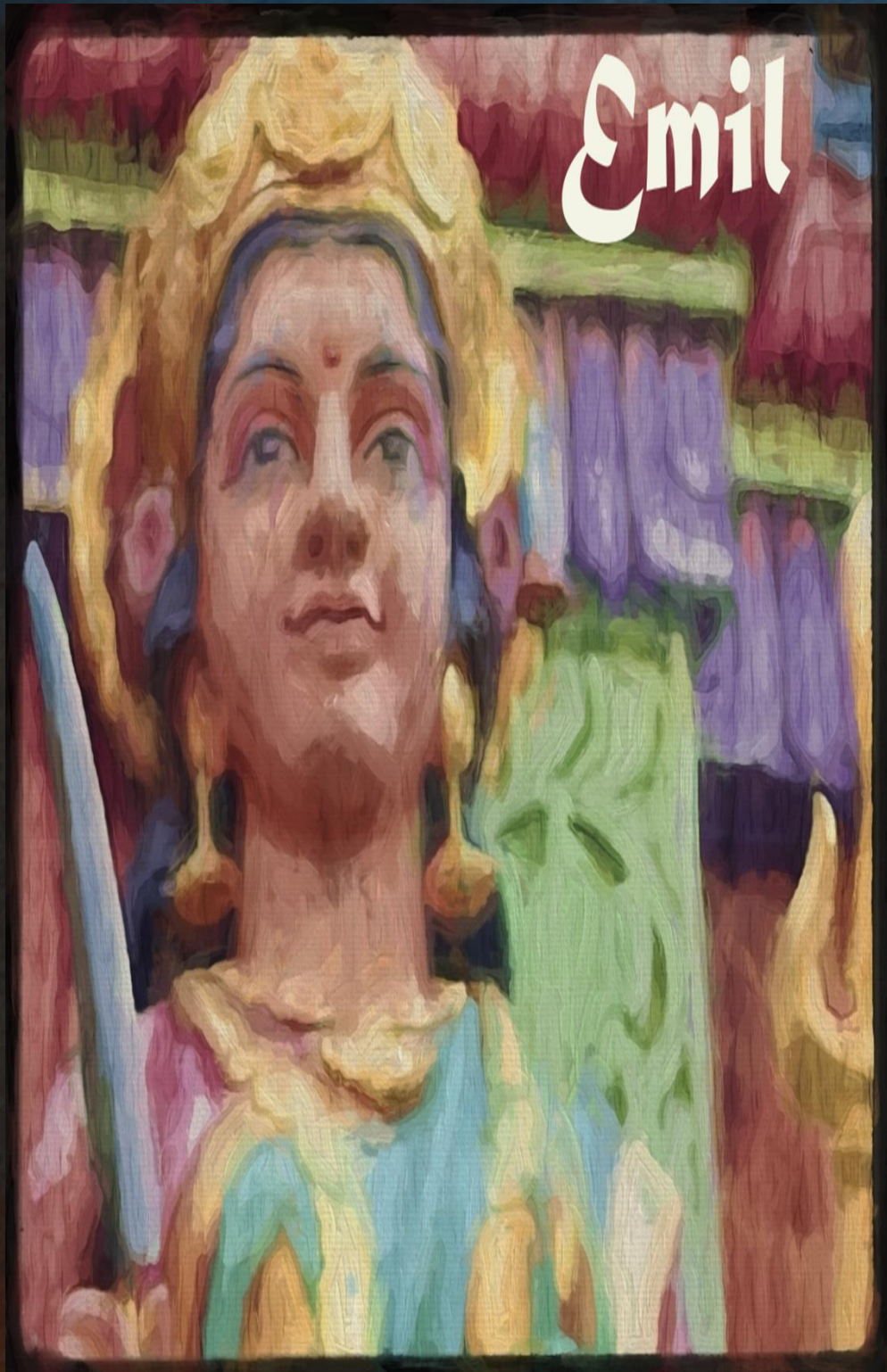


strict code of decency in publishing but, which I blame on both the fact that I over played my hand with the suggestion of building a WWWG Version of the “Playboy Mansion” and to my buddy, Little Chucky having Seine ear about the high cost of my suggestion not to mention that it would tie WWWG into my women’s issues in the USA – which could, he told Seine, cost WWWG money in law suits...etc. Really nice guy!

Apparently, my friends, here is a word to the wise and I trust you will take from this rant that the Globe is not the type of publication to be bragging about success (real or not) or to be promoting one’s self.

Sorry campers but, it has been a long journey from my semi-comfortable, plastic windowed, walk up flat in Seoul (Korea) to yet another rustic, quaint and bedbug ridden suite here back here in India.





This was not of my doing but, it was the only gig that they had after I wasted my remaining few bucks of my very limited “get-out-of-town” funds tracking down a dream retirement here in Latin America.

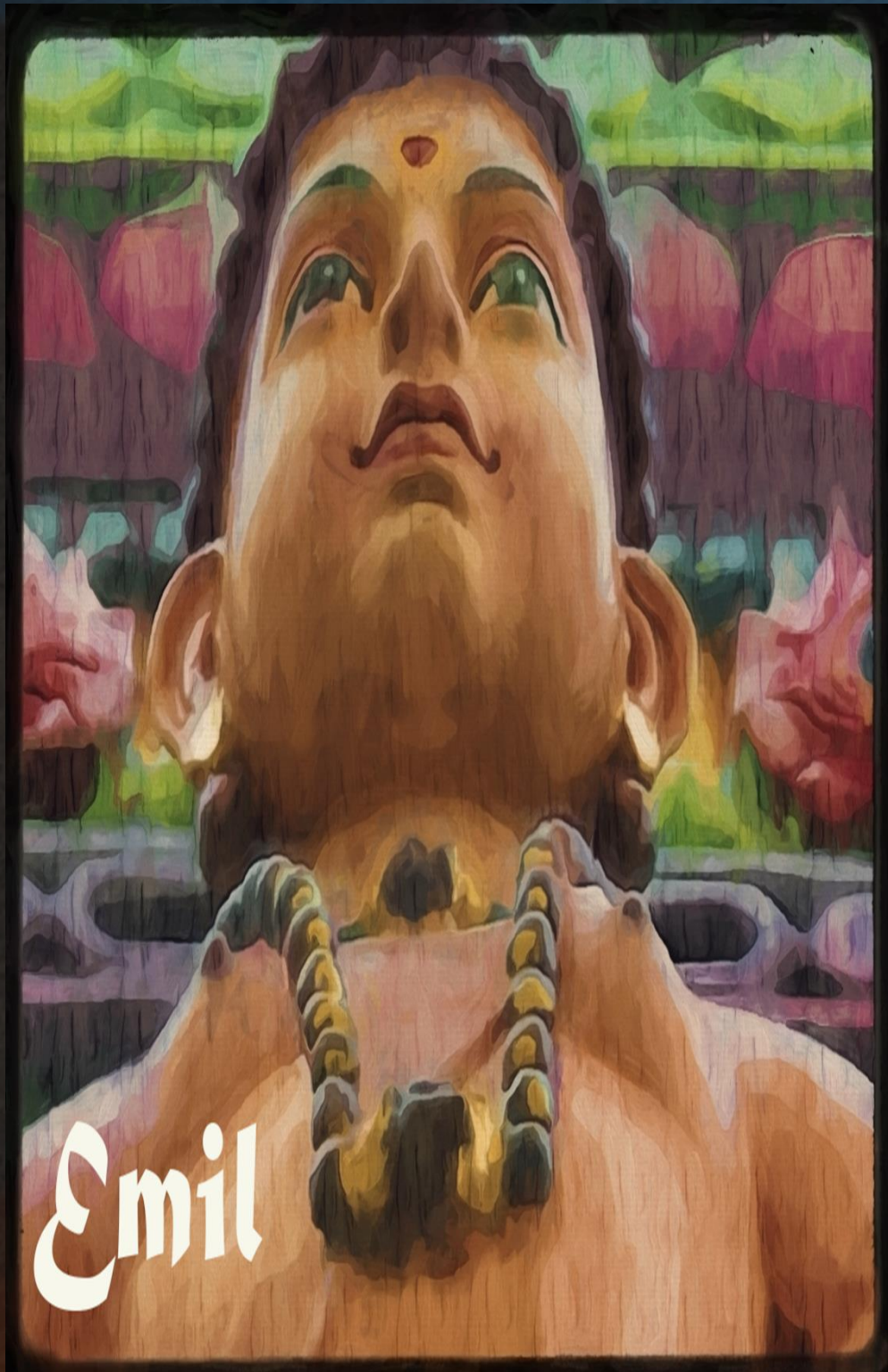
I had a friend who I knew from back the days, when we were going to become like instant billionaires with our investment of \$20K (USA) in the Iraqi Dinar.

I know!

Anyway, my friend (who was originally from Panama, who came to America legally...No need to have ICE tracking him down...Please Donald!) had an uncle who owned a bank down there. Actually owned a bank...seemed like a good uncle to have and I must admit that I was more than a little jealous of him for it.

We had great plans to cash in our dinars down there, there at his uncle’s bank (who he and





apparently, certain not-to-be-named branches of the American Government, trusted enough to do a lot of business with...I mean a lot of business according to his uncle...in fact, it was mentioned casually in their brochure), without the need yet alone, without the slightest guilt in our desire to not give any of our great windfall to the thugs at the USA Treasury.

I was now here in Panama because, he had always bragged about how cheap Panama was but, then again, I haven't talked to him in about ten years now.

Seems things have changed, it isn't his fault! Sure we are still friends and if those Iraqi Dinars ever make a comeback, if they do, time would evaporate and we would, yet again, we would be thick-as-thieves...we would just as quick be on a private jet to Panama City where we would be meet by his kind, dear old uncle –





who would meet us there at the airport and generously help us bypassed all of those nosey, greedy, lookie-lou's, there at the airport. Found myself pondering and fondly recalling back to all those dinar days as I sit here at this local watering hole, a parrot bar of some name and notoriety here in the little shanty town where I was staying, just outside of Panama City.

My thought were rudely interrupted by some unknown expat, sitting a couple of bar stools away, he was talking, and he wasn't talking to me or anyone else, directly at the bar.

He continued in a loud, almost booming rant of a wise, experienced lounge lizard that caught my attention.

"Love is greatly over rated!"

He said with true passion and it was not hard to tell that he spoke from bitter experience (lots) and that had left a bitter taste in his mouth.





“Love is the biggest scam that there is...it ain’t like in them movies...I have never seen that in real life...it’s always some blood, life sucking woman who sees you as a FREE ATM Machine and/or who wants to control your every moment and thought...just like prison warden! But, my friend, there ain’t no parole! There ain’t any Green Mile Moment! There just ain’t!!”

“Thirty...OH my GOD!”

I thought only to realize that it has been Forty-years ago...how time slips away!

Forty-years ago...I wouldn’t have agreed but, these days, as I have had some sixty-plus-year-old warden of an old woman trying to control my every moment, my every thought, every action while burning through the little bit of coin that my government tosses at me every month, the generous scraps (their verbiage not mine!) that they throw me as interest on all my many generations, my years, the lifetime of my





sharecropper labor and their extraction of their own pound of flesh from me, in the form of Social Security and Medicare taxes, for all those years they helped, conspired, to keep me destitute...where they tried, they always strived to do their best in economically controlling me and sucking me totally dry...

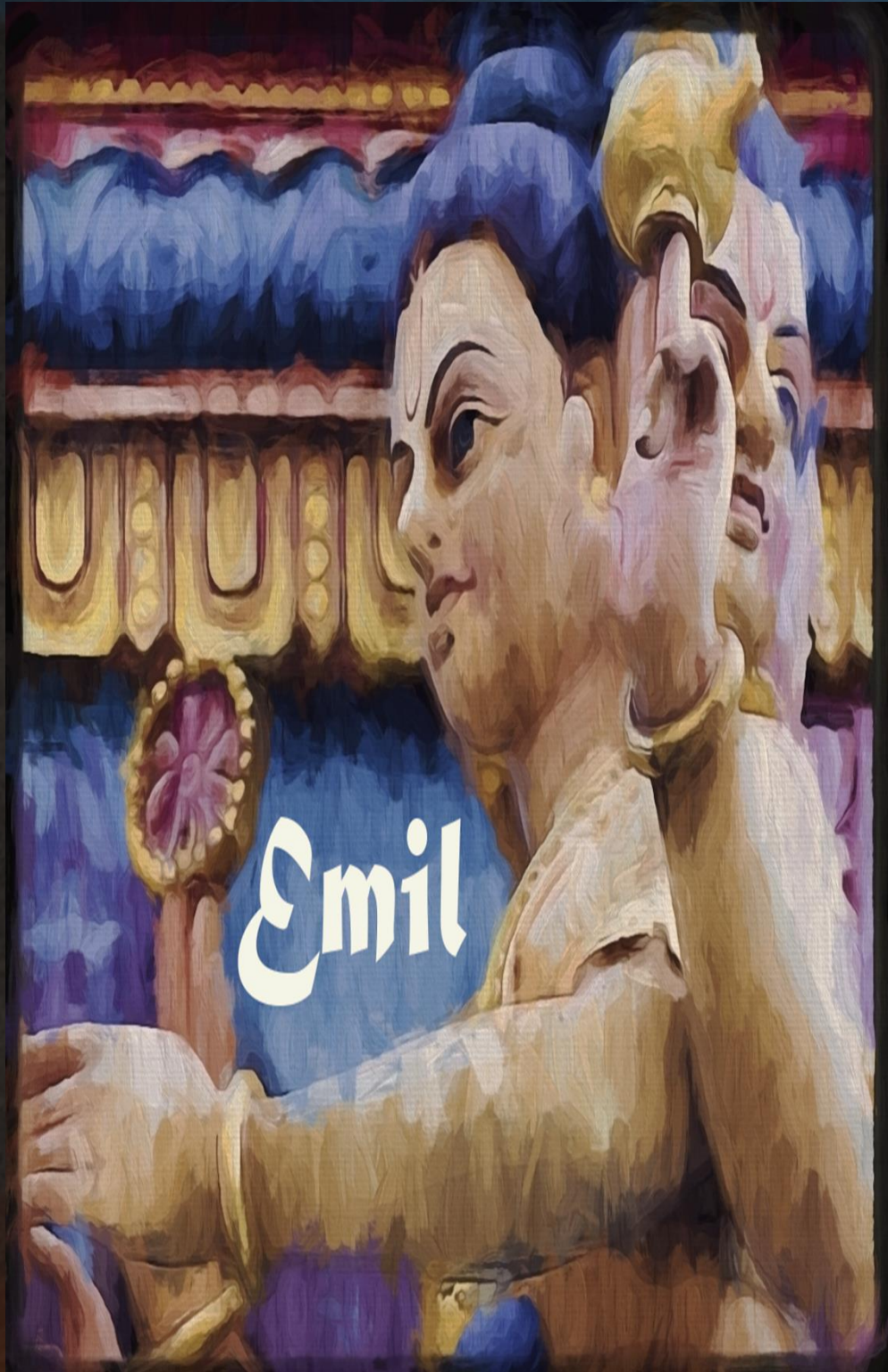
I do believe, I really do think, what he said, there is much truth and he was a reasonable statement for such a drunk man...

I was deeply impressed!

I am sure that women say worse of men and I would agree that most men are swines and at some point sucked women dry of their spirit and lust for a better life.

It's all true and I am left, here on this bar stool, here at the end of this dirty bar counter, in a (what them tourist magazines would call) a rustic, quant, parrot bar here in Panama.





Wouldn't be here long as my funds are growing slim and my memories of Panama being a rustic, quant place to live, economically, went out the window.

It seems, that in the past ten years, with the great sucking sound of all those rich California People selling their greatly over valued homes and coming down to Panama's (agreeably, the beautiful) Pacific Coast — they came direct here to Panama with suitcases full of money and in the true way of the American Expansionist Dream, they embarked with great gusto and American can-do and created a massive construction boom of building new, bigger versions of the pleasure palaces that they had just fled...

Go figure!

So...Campers...I am late to the door...a dollar short and still waiting for my social security to show up on my, comical joke of a debit card, they use to give me access to all my pennies.





Until it shows up and I can go through the dog-N-pony show trying to explain the concept of a Master Card Cash Advance to some colonial town cashier, here at the local bank in this rural dustbin of a crossroads that some map maker jokingly called a town...I'm stranded here without even proper bus fare change.

As you can assume, I hate social security cashing out day, every month it is the same shit (Opps...Sorry Seine...I keep forgetting that you publish this in Singapore and I try hard to equally forget all of their stupid, overly-strict obsession with the use of the word "SHIT!"...OH! Well...SHIT! WTF?)...

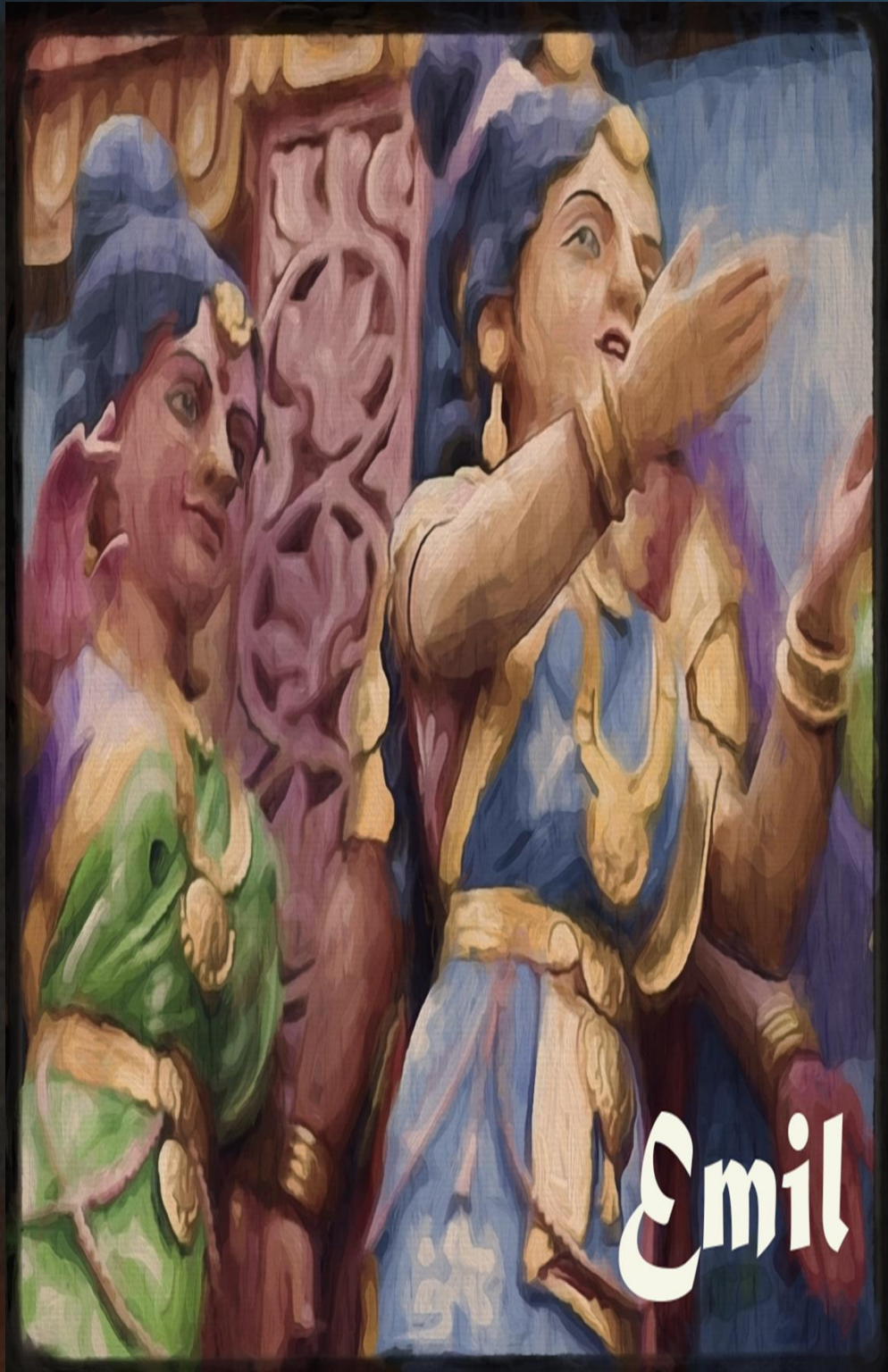
Every month, the bankers here (everywhere) make you feel like a low rent Dillinger as I walk into their bank branch...

Now, if it were Machine-Gun Kelly...

Well, then, my compadres!

Well then, I could kind of dig it!





All the while, Al Stewart is singing out over the tinny speakers of the Parrot Bar's ancient Dual converted car stereo, and as far as I can make out through the static, he was singing something about "the fire in the air..."

You know, I remember seeing him at a little bar over in Scottsdale...in Arizona (USA), there at place called Anderson's Fifth Estate...

I am sure that it has been long torn down and turned into a parking garage for some new age condos that they built for the snowbirds and spring training tourists or some nasty end-fill that destroys the original flavour of Scottsdale Old Town while saying out loud "snooty!" God forgiven Old Snooty Scottsdale. Then again, Scottsdale has always had that Beverly Hills style aspect done up in faux cowboy style of classic dude ranch Zona. Anyway...back to Al (I am a big fan) and I can recall, I do well remember him complaining so





bitterly as the small crowd of true believers and drunks shouted “Roads to Moscow...Roads to Moscow!”

He went on to tell about the time he was in Australia and he started replacing the characters in the words to the song with a story about sheep...and as almost an afterthought, he even more bitterly complained that the joke was lost on all of those drunk “Assies.”

He, then, preceded to let us know that this new version of the song had become giant hit (the most requested song on the tour) and even, an major Australian Record Company asked him to go to their studios to record and publish the song for AM Radio.

“Like a water colour in the rain...” now, that is a song that I have a long association with...

Al Stewart’s beautiful...hauntingly familiar...

“The Year of the Cat.”





If they ever made a movie...dare I say, a mini-series...of my checkered life, this would be the opening, credit song and it would aid in serving up the cavalcade of my journey, navigating lost love and the atonement for multiple sins and transactions that brings me back, full circle to the guy's lament about the evils of relationships and just, women in general.

In retrospect, Damn!

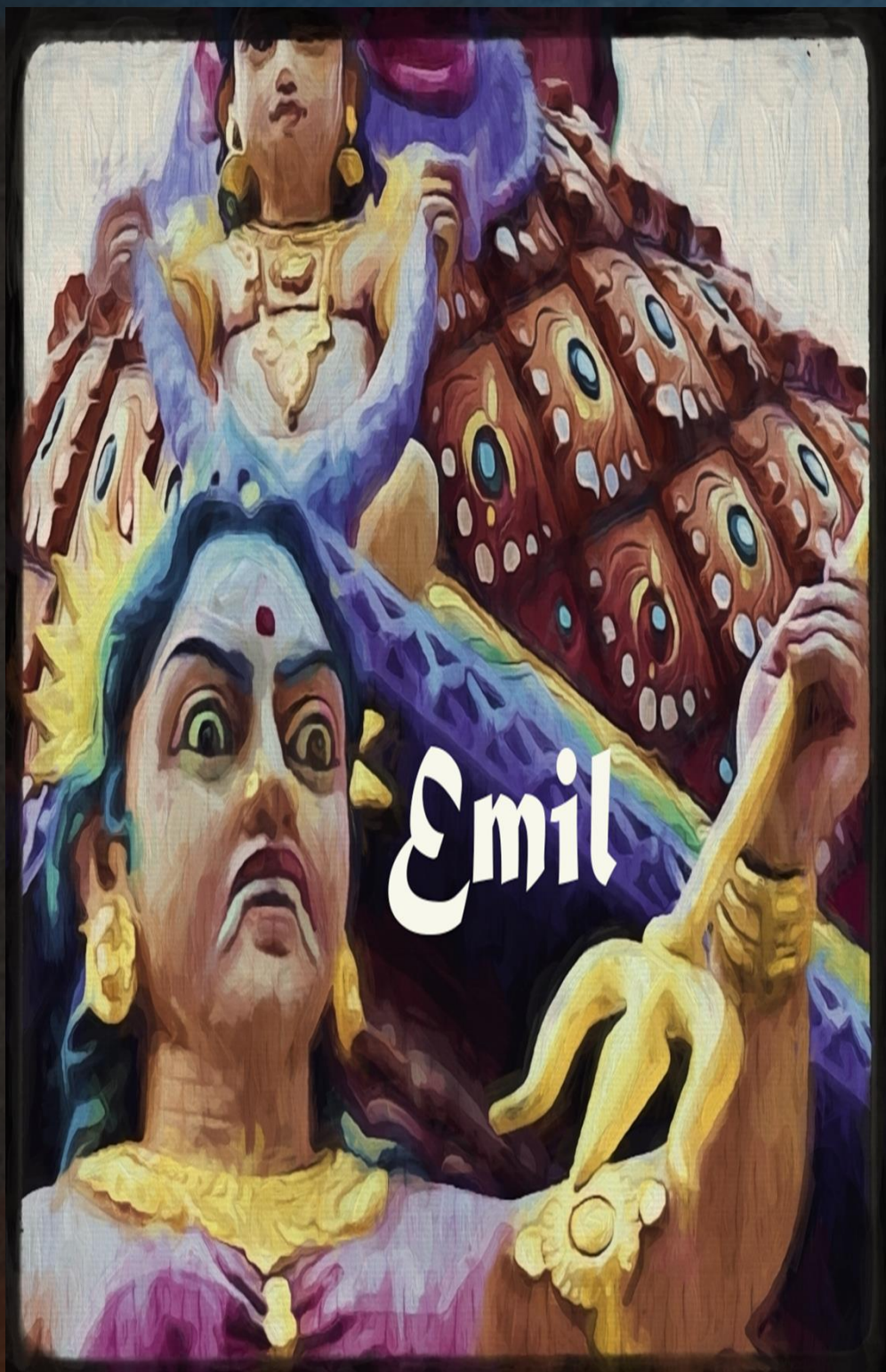
The song ends and the silence of both the music and the drunk dead a sleep here at the bar, this has left me the quite to ponder about what to do next, where to go next and more importantly, where I can afford to go...

That surely means leaving Panama!

That is, unless, I want to take up abode in some jungle shanty town, like here in this jungle crossroads of a town, as it is so sad but, that is all I can afford here.

Yes, you are correct!





I could just bite the bullet and return to yet another round of zombie, cubical work and slave away to make a few more dollars and be able to afford cable...

Then again!

I never much watched HBO, even back in the day!

You may say...

Proclaim it...

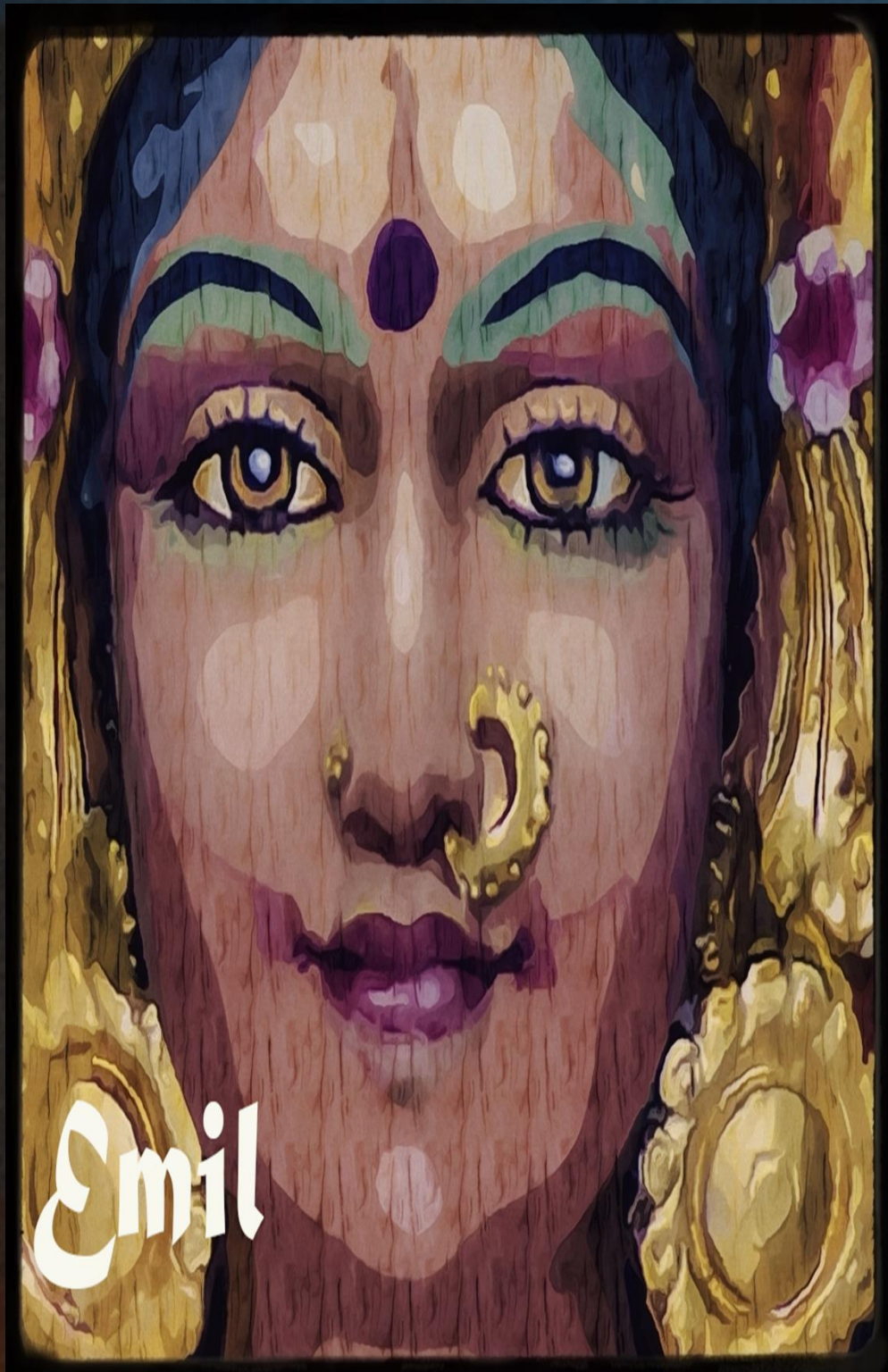
I even had that sixty-year old (plus) old warden of a women screaming it out about how lazy I had become and how I had an obligation to support her...take care of her...Really?

Is she working?

The correct answer is no and that has been the correct answer for, at least, the past ten years...that I clearly remember, her NOT!

Now, that I have a few coins rattling about and jingling about in my pockets, she stands at the head of the line, kneecapping any other





pretenders to claim what she feels that she rightfully earned...even though, she never worked towards supporting me...

Her money was always her money...thinking about it, she did, without fail, never said with a blink or a wink, she always operated under the illusion that my money also belonged to her too! Now that I am of the age the Beatles sang about in their song "When I'm Sixty-Four" it is now, I realize, that there is no bottle of wine, no one to feed me and all I have to show for all these wasted years is, like the guy (here at the bar) said, "surrounded by blood suckers who sees me only has a FREE ATM Machine!"

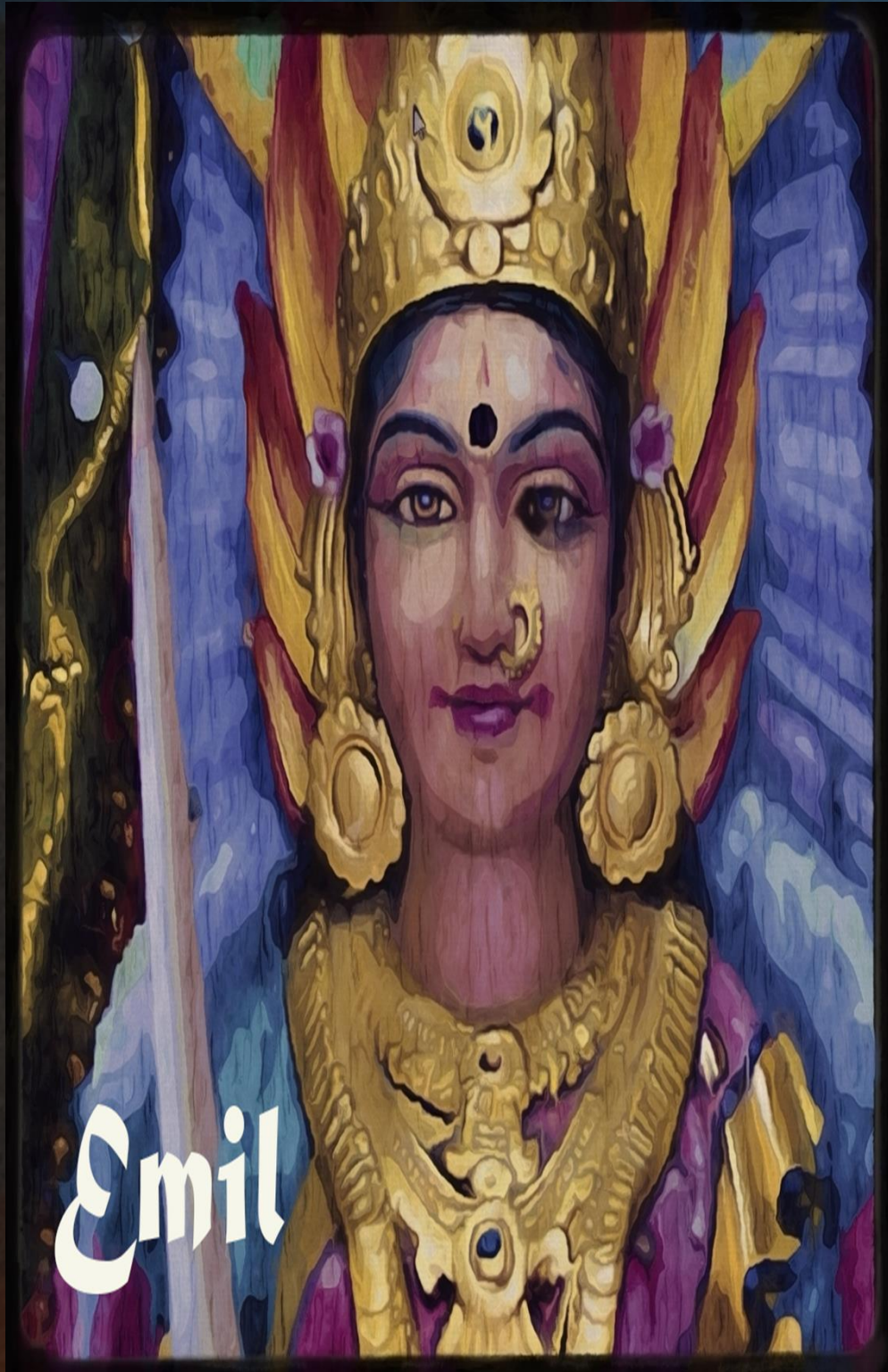
Please don't beat me, Warden!

You see, my friends...

Hey Bubba!

Allow me to counter, to offer up reason, to show cause by saying that I have been working





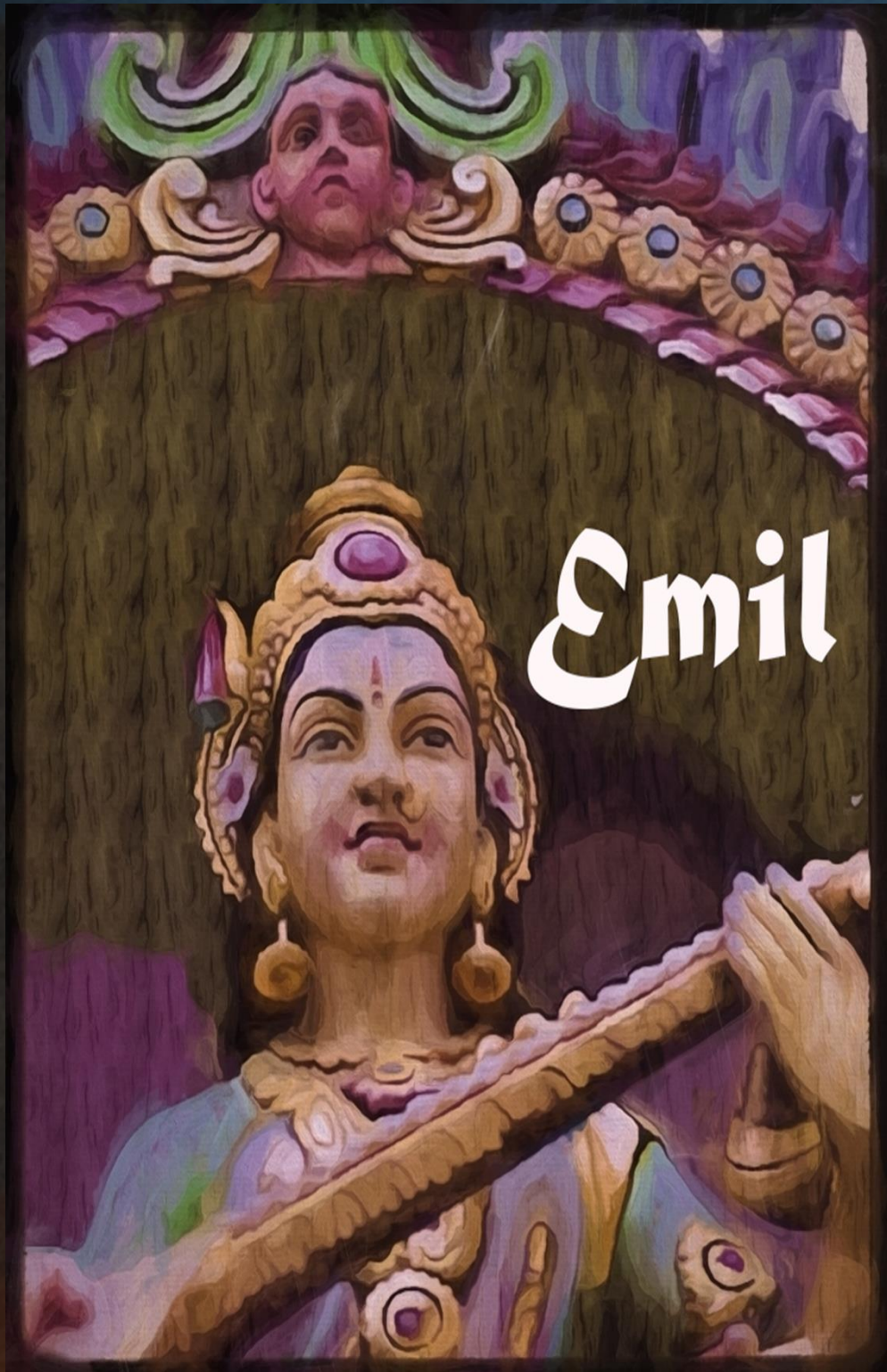
nonstop for well over 50 years of my life without pause, non-stop!

50 years of slave labor wages with almost no vacations other than a day or two, here and there...sick days...you learn how to milk them! Come to think of it, the only true time off that I have had was when I was unemployed...and, compadres, vacationing while being unemployed, it like really sucks!

So, work and I, we are both agreed upon our mutual parting company and it was something profound of an agreement, something to the effect (I am paraphrasing here) of “never the twain shall meet...”

Even now, it seems to be the accepted verbiage and I cannot see a need or a means to revisit our separation — as it has proven mutually agreeable to both parties...





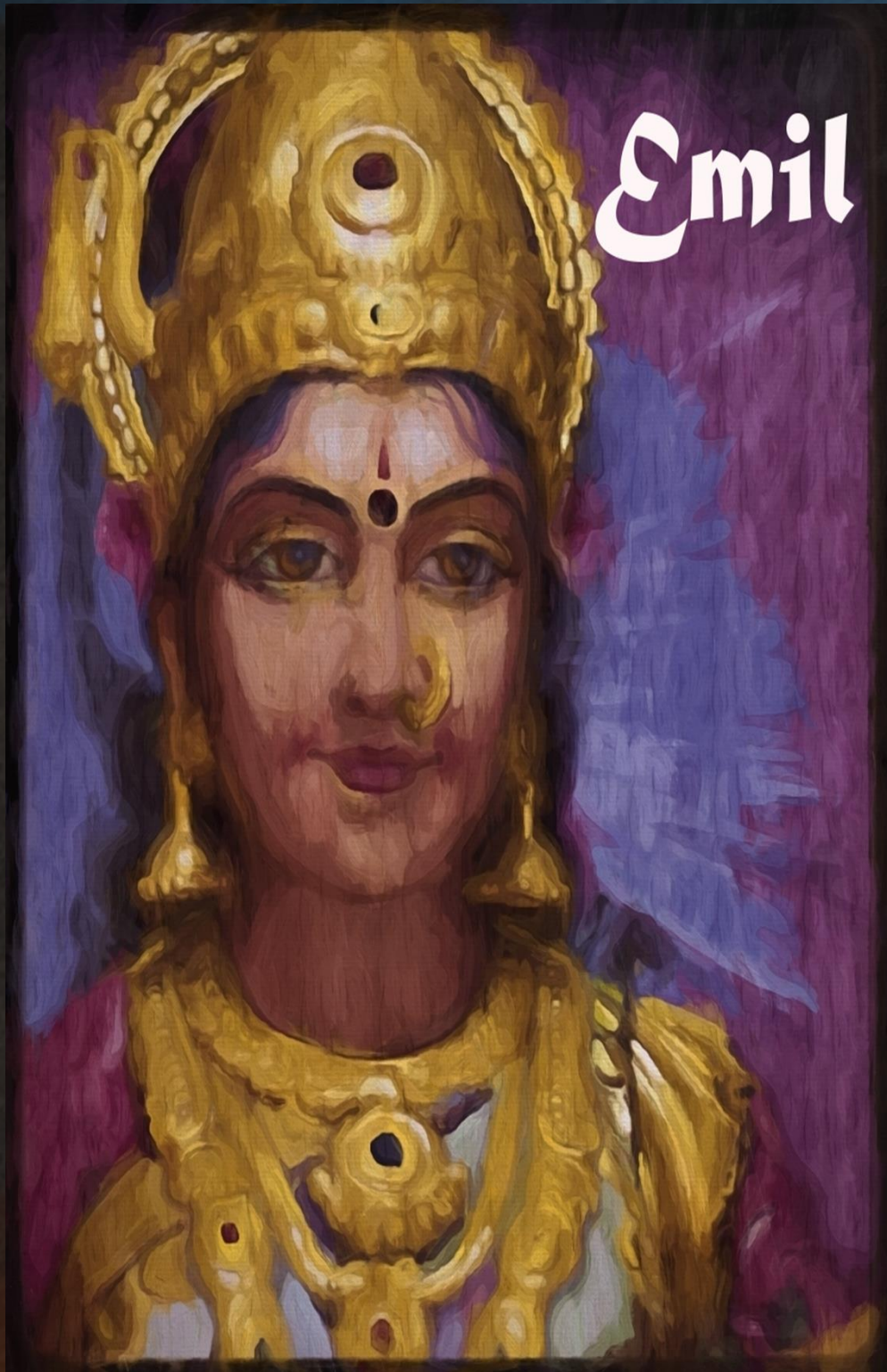
And recent conversations with several bit players who are still doing the slave, sharecropper thing, they told me frankly, "The work has moved on and your name is no longer, not even is it whispered..."

Without question, my fleeing the plantation's shanty town, where I was not even a sharecropper but only (barely) held status as a field monkey...a lovely serf...as one who truly owed my life to the company store...

Fleeing has led me down many an interesting rabbit hole and where I have ended up is still in similar destitution but, I am, at least...without question...a semi-free man without means... it's like...

*"Trailers for sale or rent...  
Rooms to let, for fifty-cents  
I am a man by no means  
I'm King of the Road..."*





That was my Uncle Albert's favorite song...Roger Miller wrote and sang that almost 50 years ago...like my jaded, wasted work years...we are both a relic from the past...one hit wonders...although, Roger Miller did make several comebacks that I failed to do in my own life.

This is morbid and with no redeeming social grace especially to my readers of the female persuasion, who will see me as some bitter, dried up, "has-been" who needs to suck it up and go (like the Coaster said) "Get a Job!" Amazing...I am going to stop my memory stroll down this VH1 Moment in Rock History...as I have, even I have become uninterested in all this gibberish, in what I am writing here...

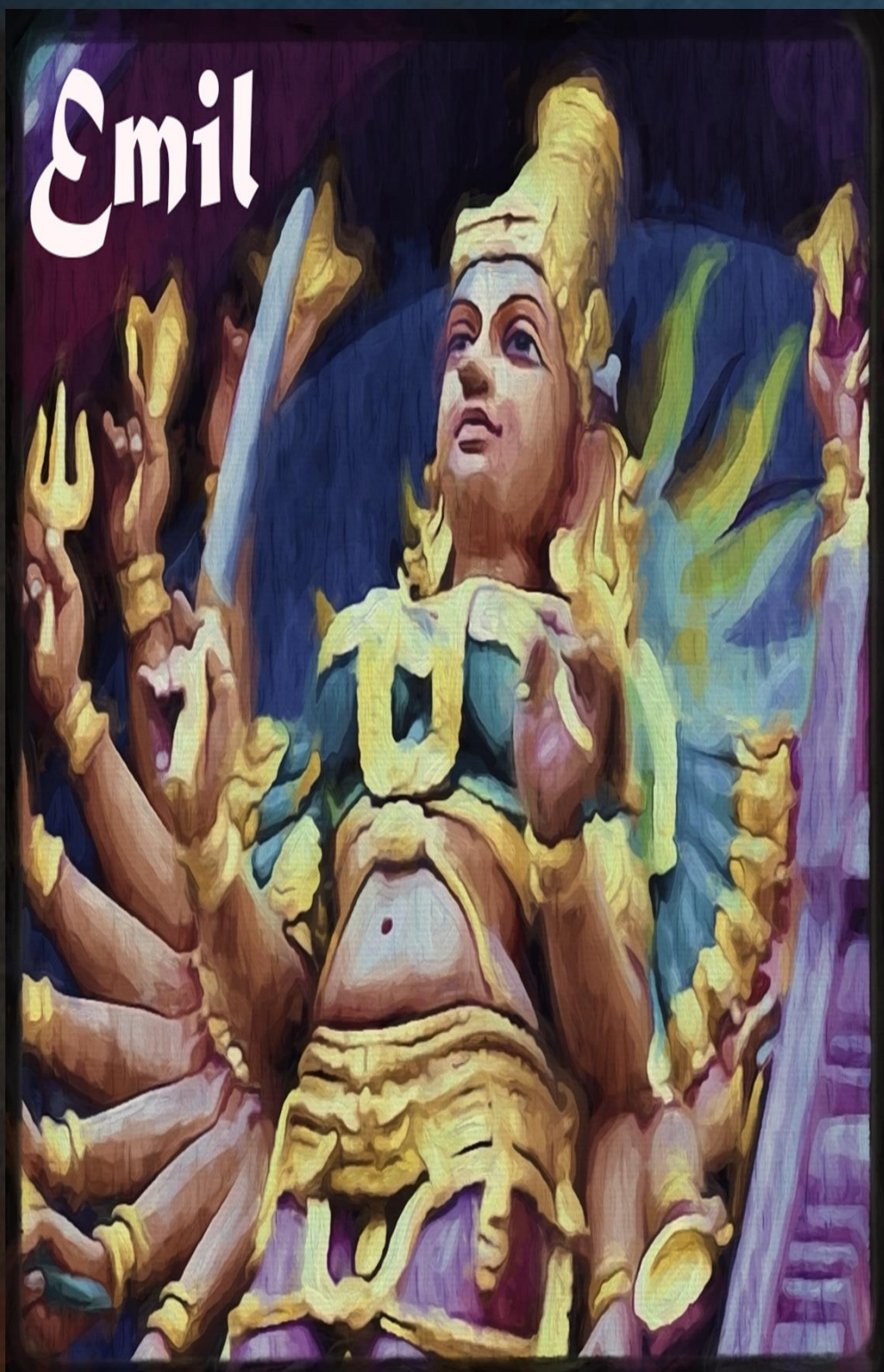
That says...that takes a lot...

So, I am sorry that this story so sucks...

You know like with math in school?

"It sucks de Big One!"





Sorry!!!

I could not resist or could I help nor stop myself from making that lame, last reference to an old Jimmy Buffet song...

Well!

I am...I'm off to see the Lizard"

Here in Panama they have many...not including all my fellow Lounge lizards at this shanty town, Parrot Bar.

I pat the old expat, who was now loudly snoring at the bar (he is a regular and they put up with him because they see him as a local character), I give him a gentle pat on the back and waved a final goodbye to the bartender.

Back to my exclusive, flea and roach motel, make it through another night of blaring Latino, Salsa music booming from the local disco (located ten feet away from my open window...) the room was hot and the fan was ten extra pesos per night, I open the window!





Will await the coming of the next dawn and the equally slow bus ride, going out to the airport. From there, I am flying out on one of those super economy fares that Mister Chucky booked me, going all the way, back to Singapore. These are the flights where you can bring nothing with you and if the plane gets stuck in the mud, you need to get out and help push... Bathroom breaks are an extra charge and you need to bring your own food – which they really encourage you to bring with you, as with food and especially when combined with long flights, the Barons of the Travel Industry do make a ton on these bathroom passes. Think I'm joking?

It is now a Federal FAA Crime to use the bathroom without a bathroom pass – if you are on a Super Economy Ticket...if you don't believe me, Google the Homeland Security Extension Act of 2017.





Just saying...

Someday, Seine and his cronies at WWWG will regret that they treating the talent (me) so bad!

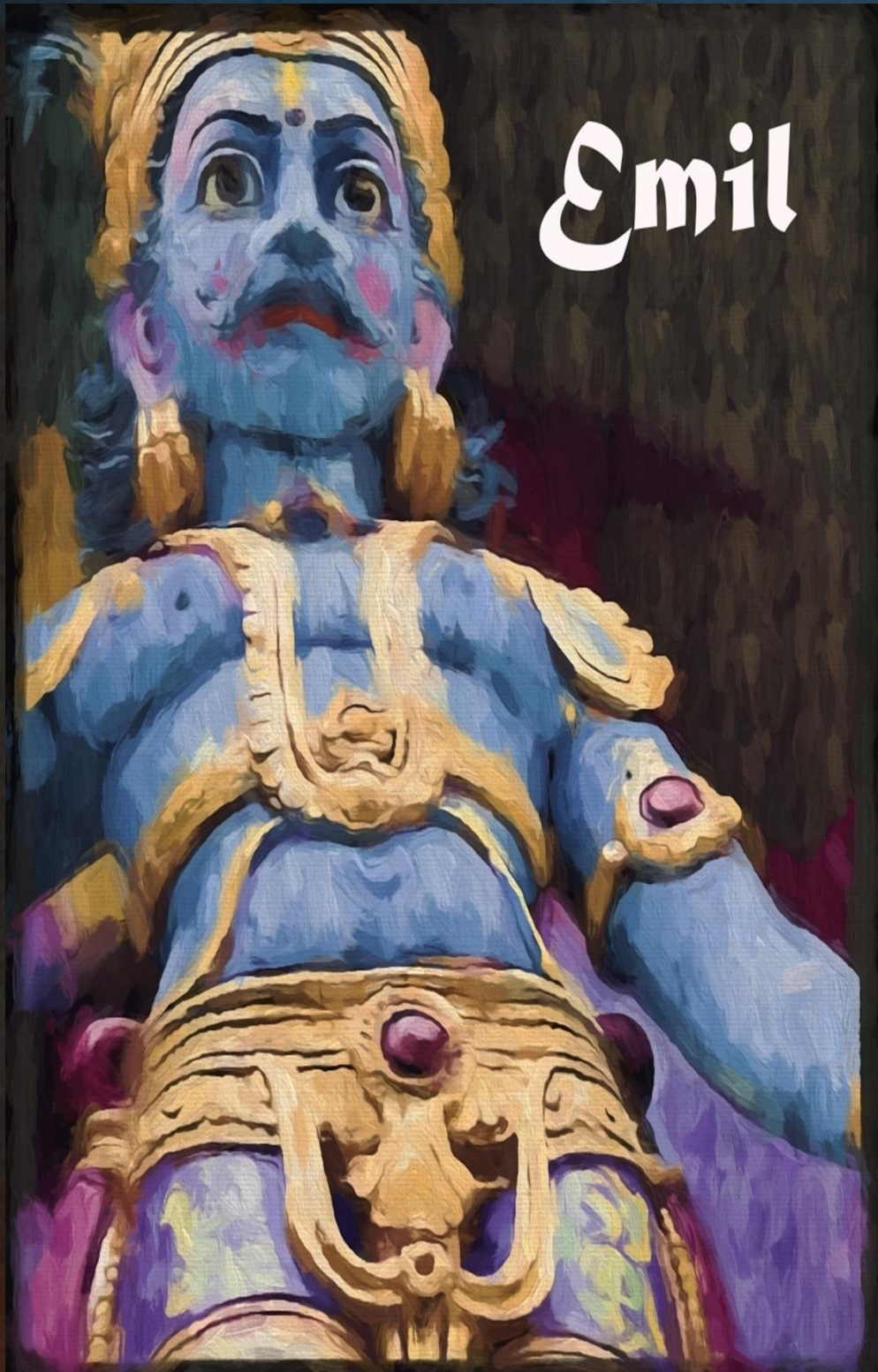
Someday, they will see the truth that Mister Chucky was not only fat but, was the truly the dictionary's very definition of evil!

In fact, I believe in the 1973 version of the Complete Oxford Dictionary, when you look up the word "evil," you will see his avatar (character) linked directly to the word.

From Singapore it is?

Yet, another economic flight to somewhere in India...I have, several times now) remind Seine about the existing restraining orders, the outstanding warrants (funny story from the last book on India...pick it up if you want to know more...that's the one about my efforts to start a Temple Porn Book line) all from my last trip there.





POTENTIAL REMINDER TO ALL MY FANS!

Just saying...just in case, just to be on the safe side and not saying that you need to prepare but, then it would be nice if you had...being the kind of friendly, sweet people that you all are and how I know, you have the ability to think four steps ahead in any situation.

Remember, they always say cigarettes are like money in prison...just keep that in mind...just in case you get my telex...from here in India...

Be kind!

Donate to the cause!

Yes! I understand that Turkish Cigs are more expensive but, think of all the goodwill that I could build with them...Don't be cheap!

We already have Mister Chucky playing that character...I need you to be the generous hero!

Later dudes and dudettes!





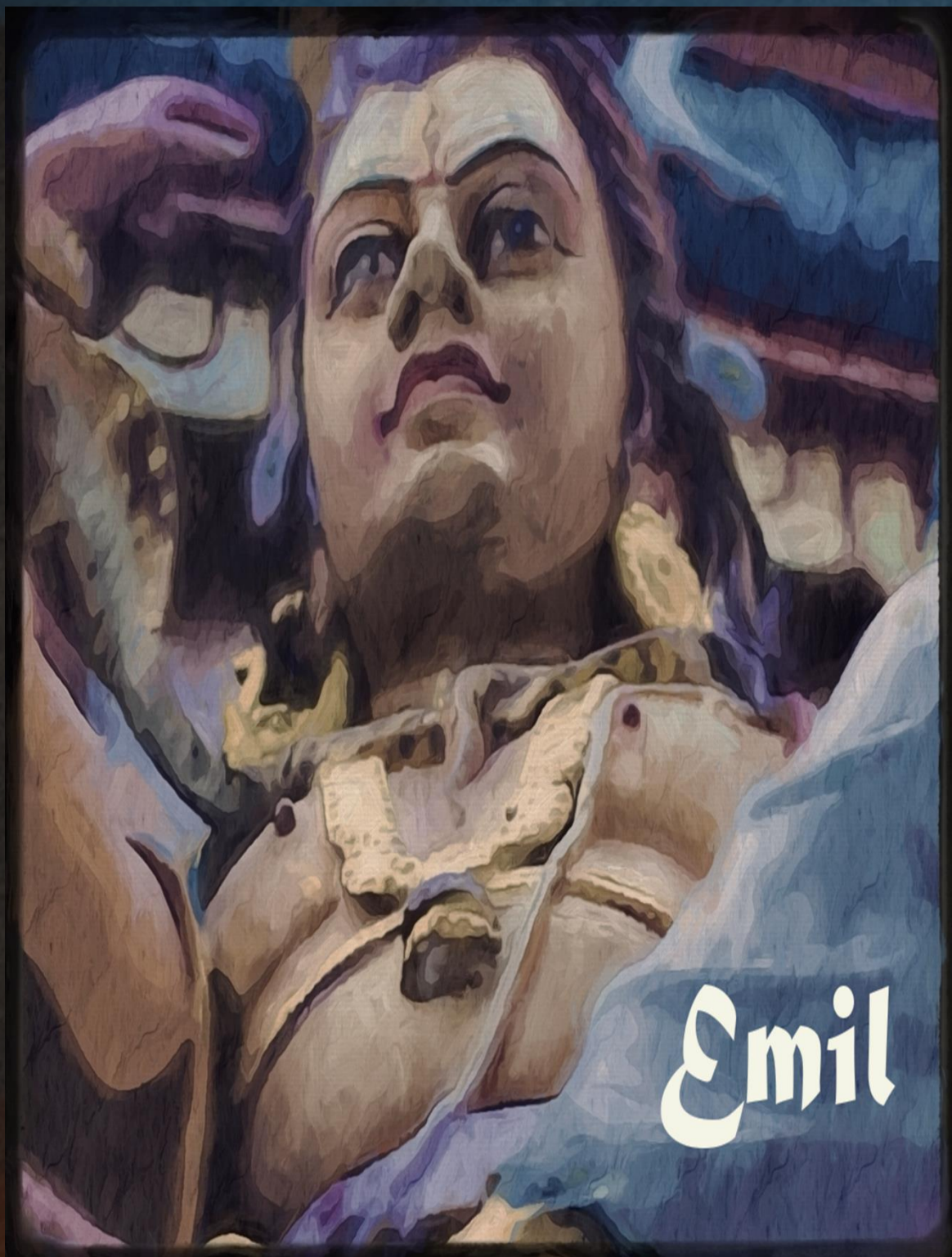
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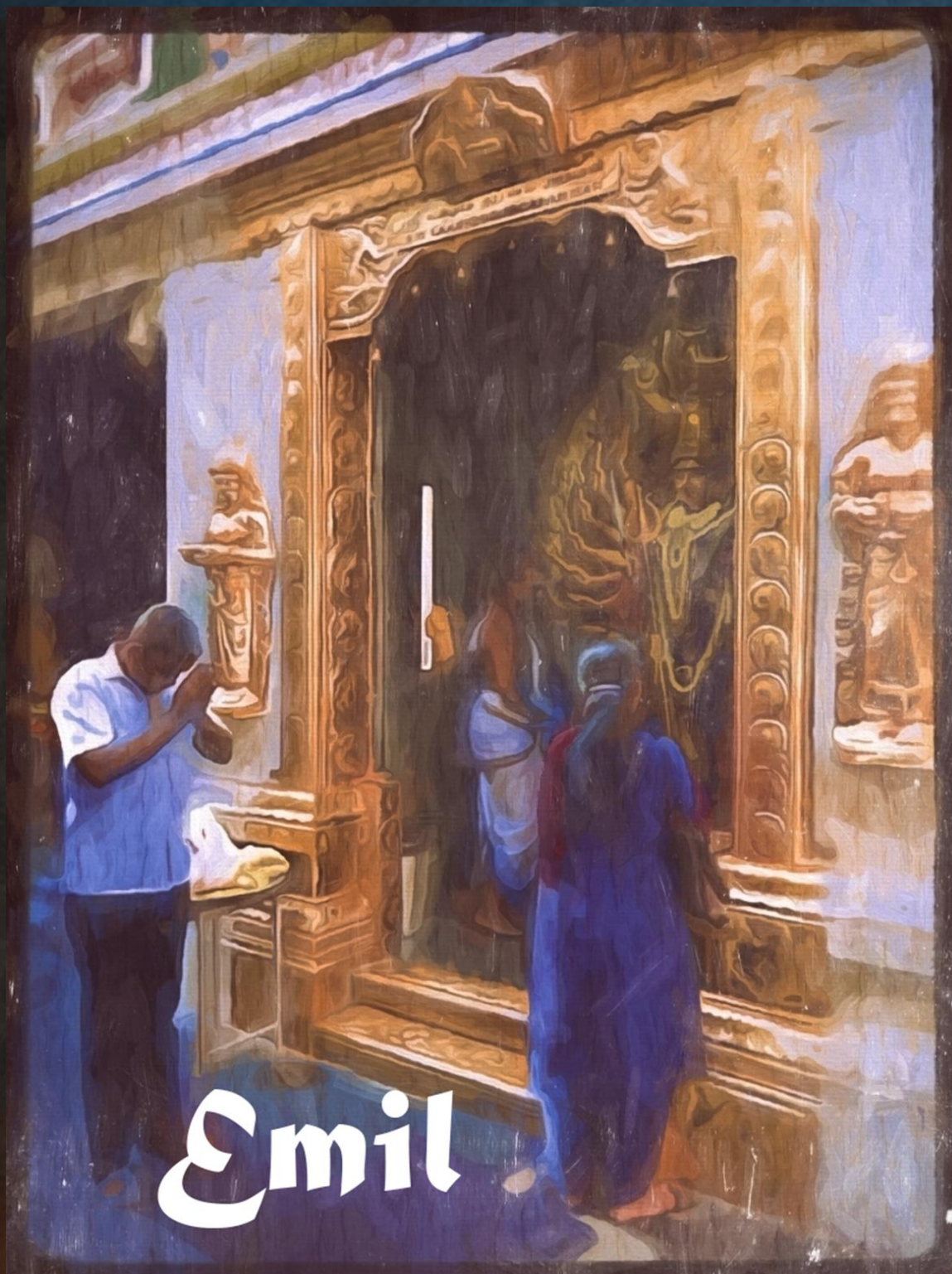
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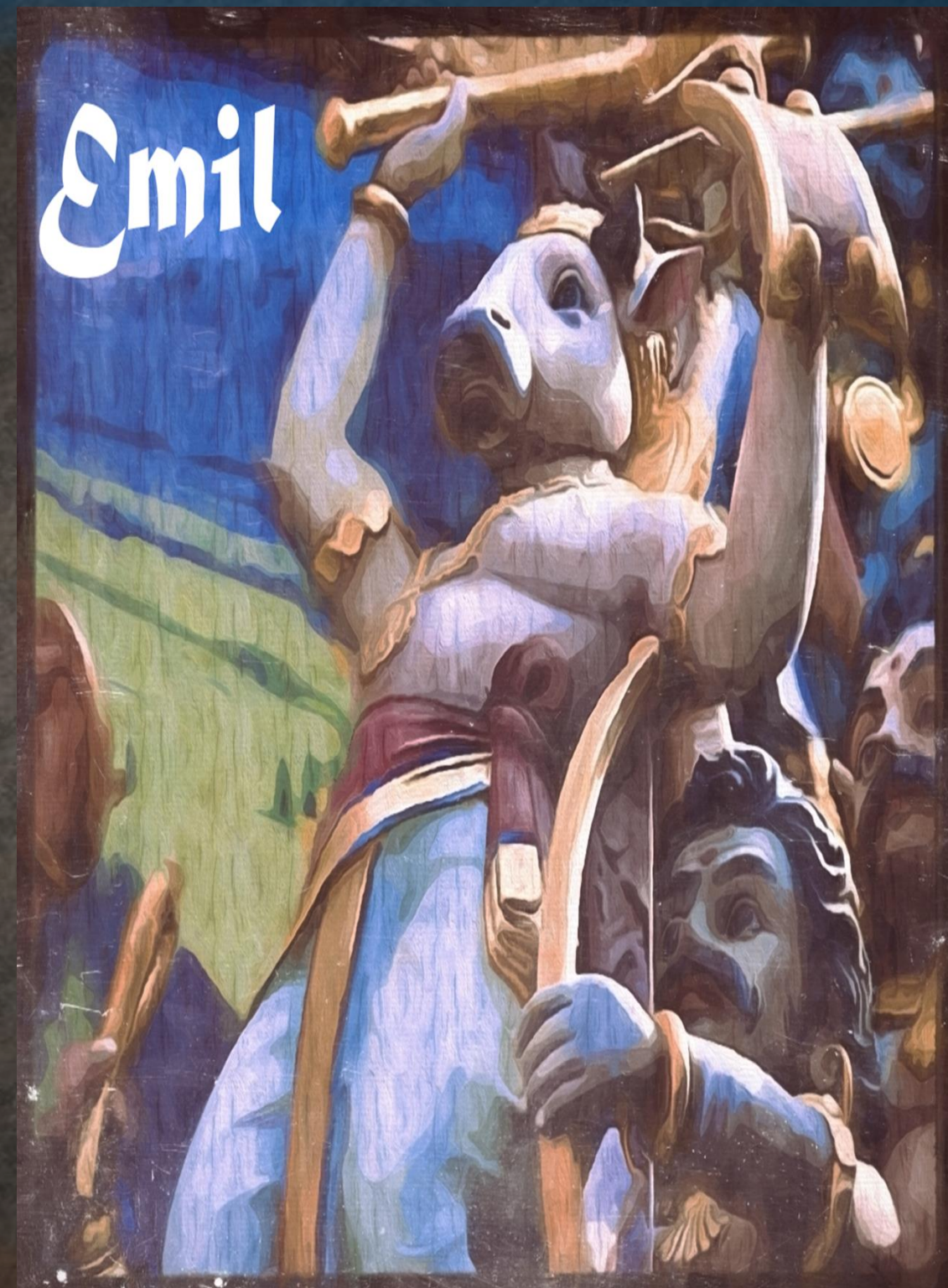
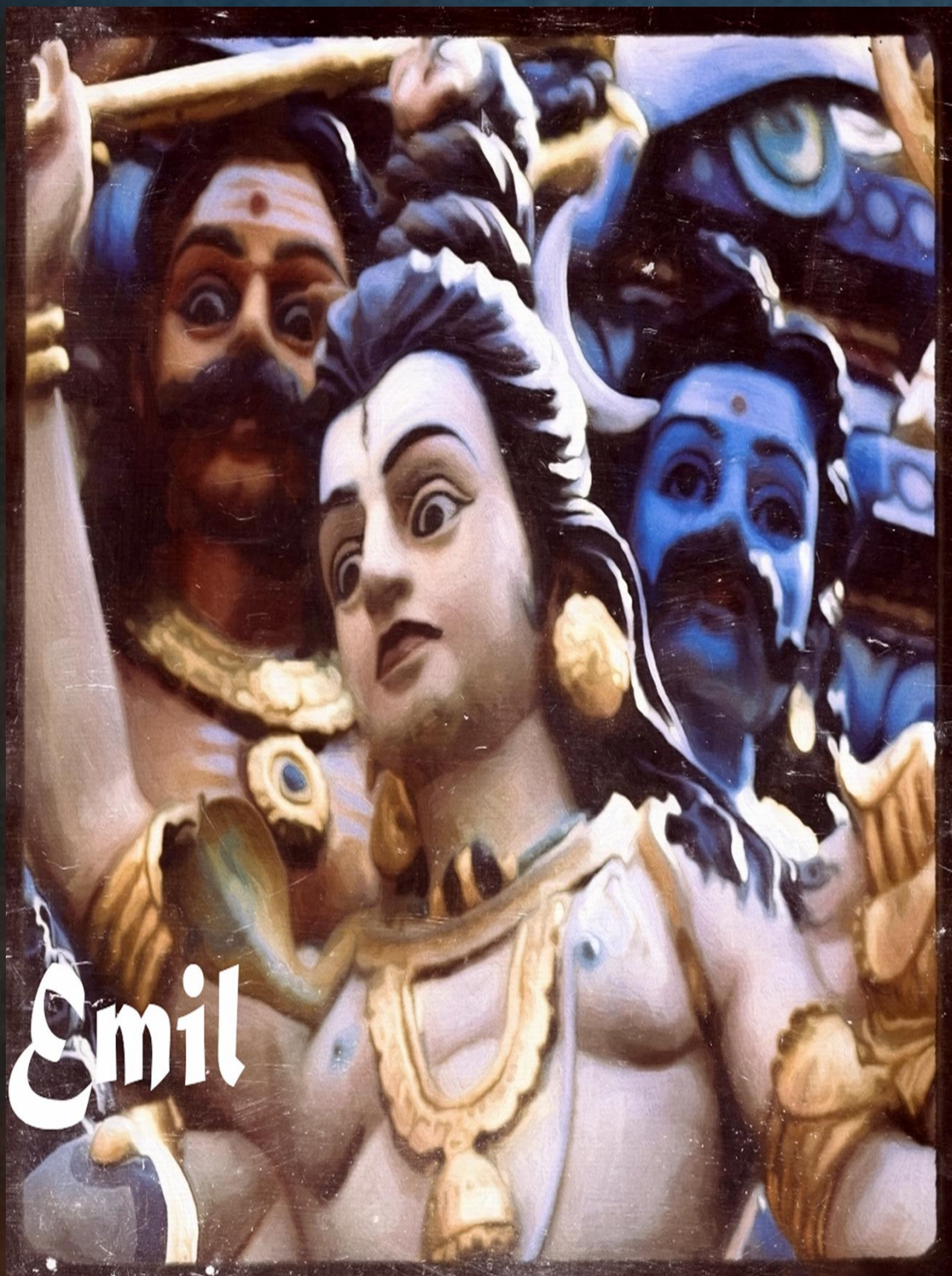














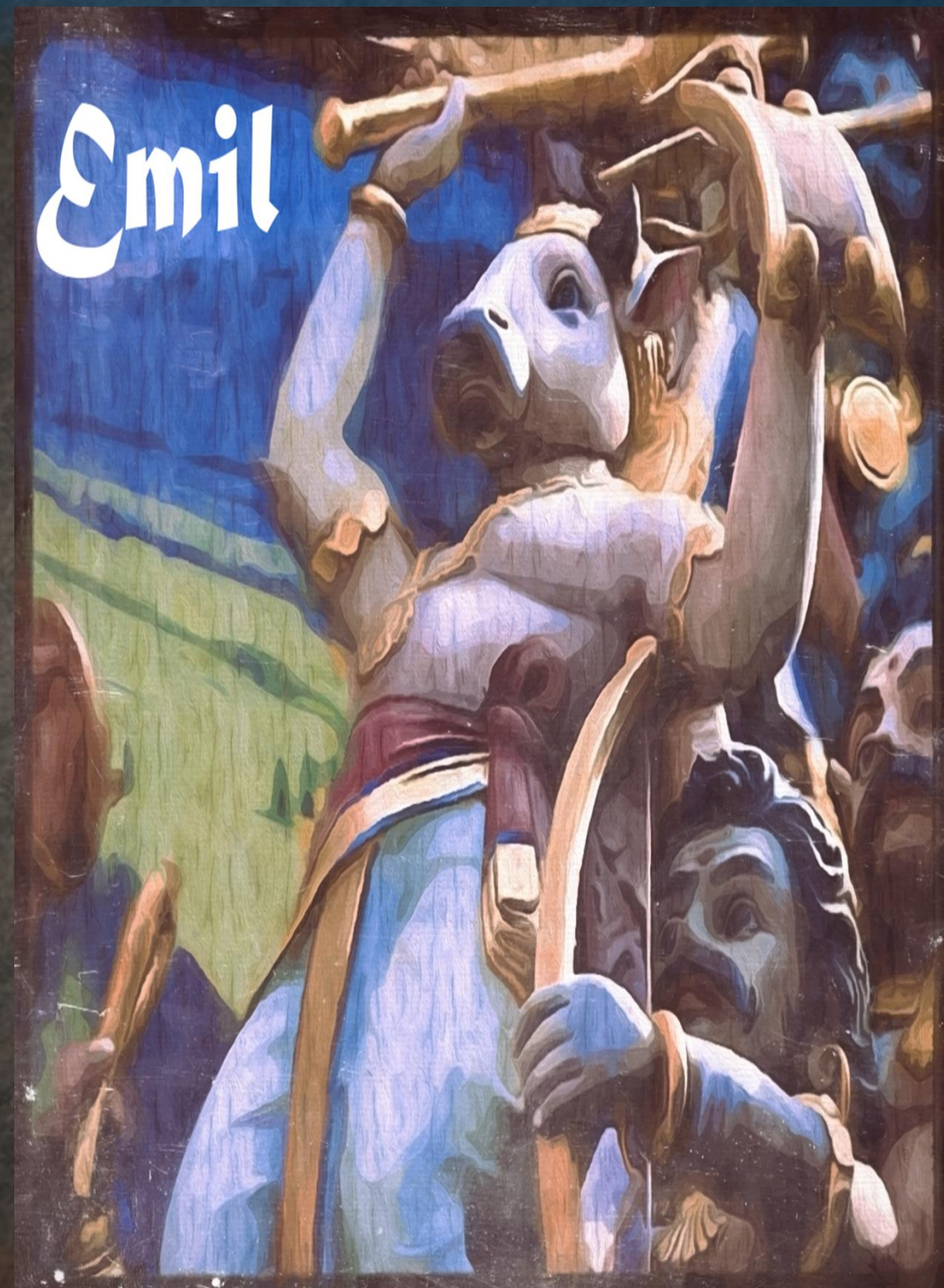
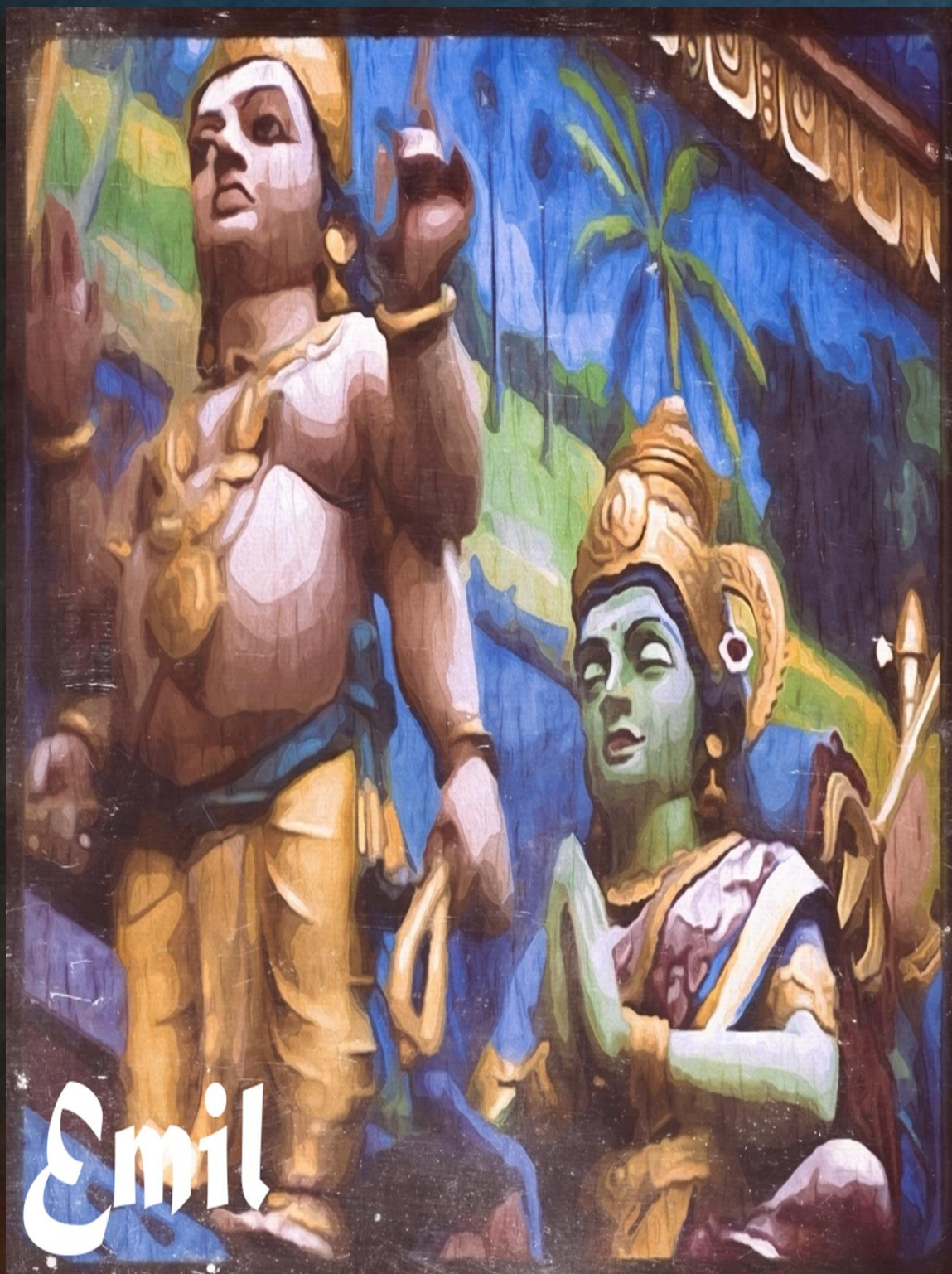




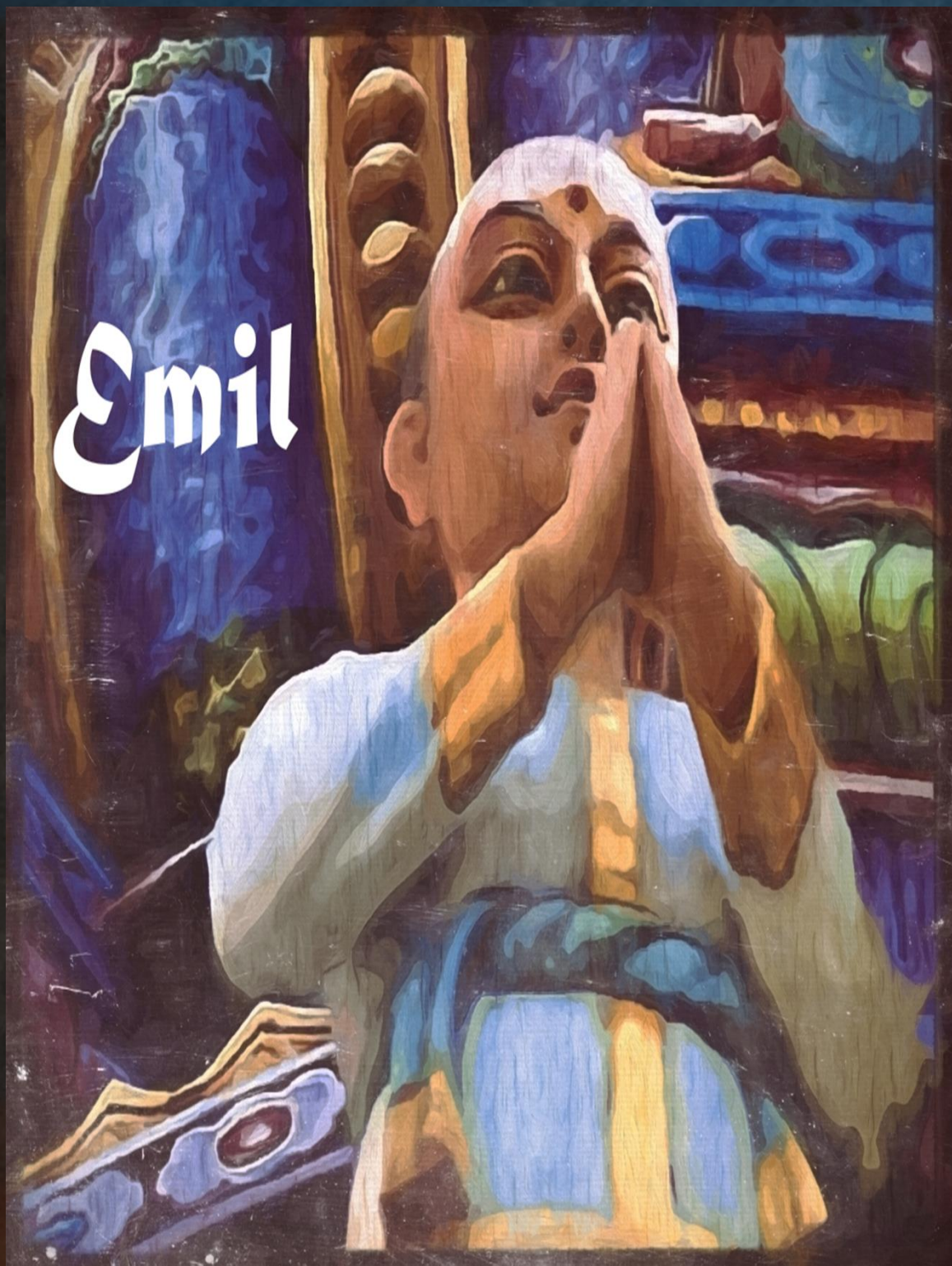


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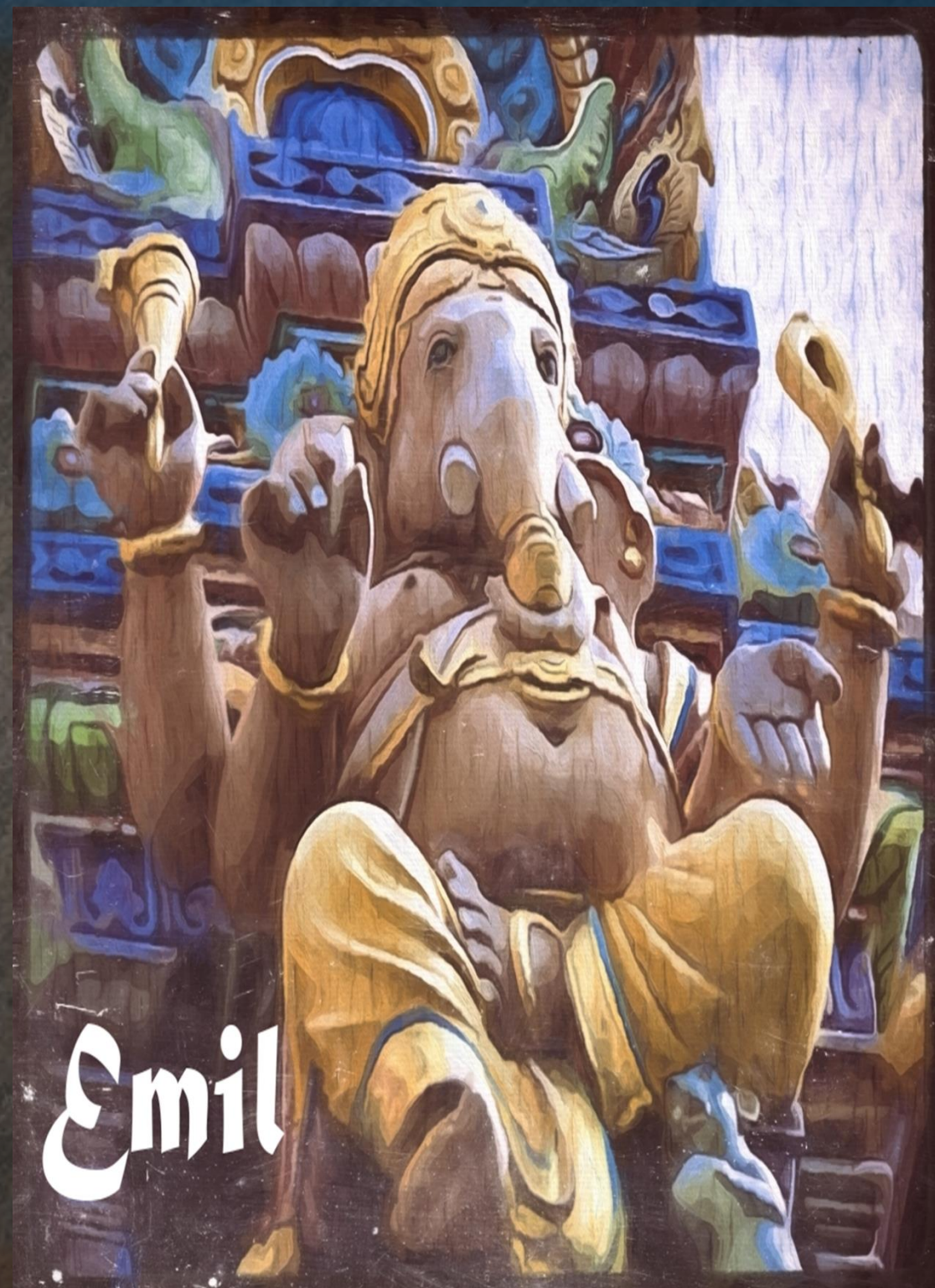
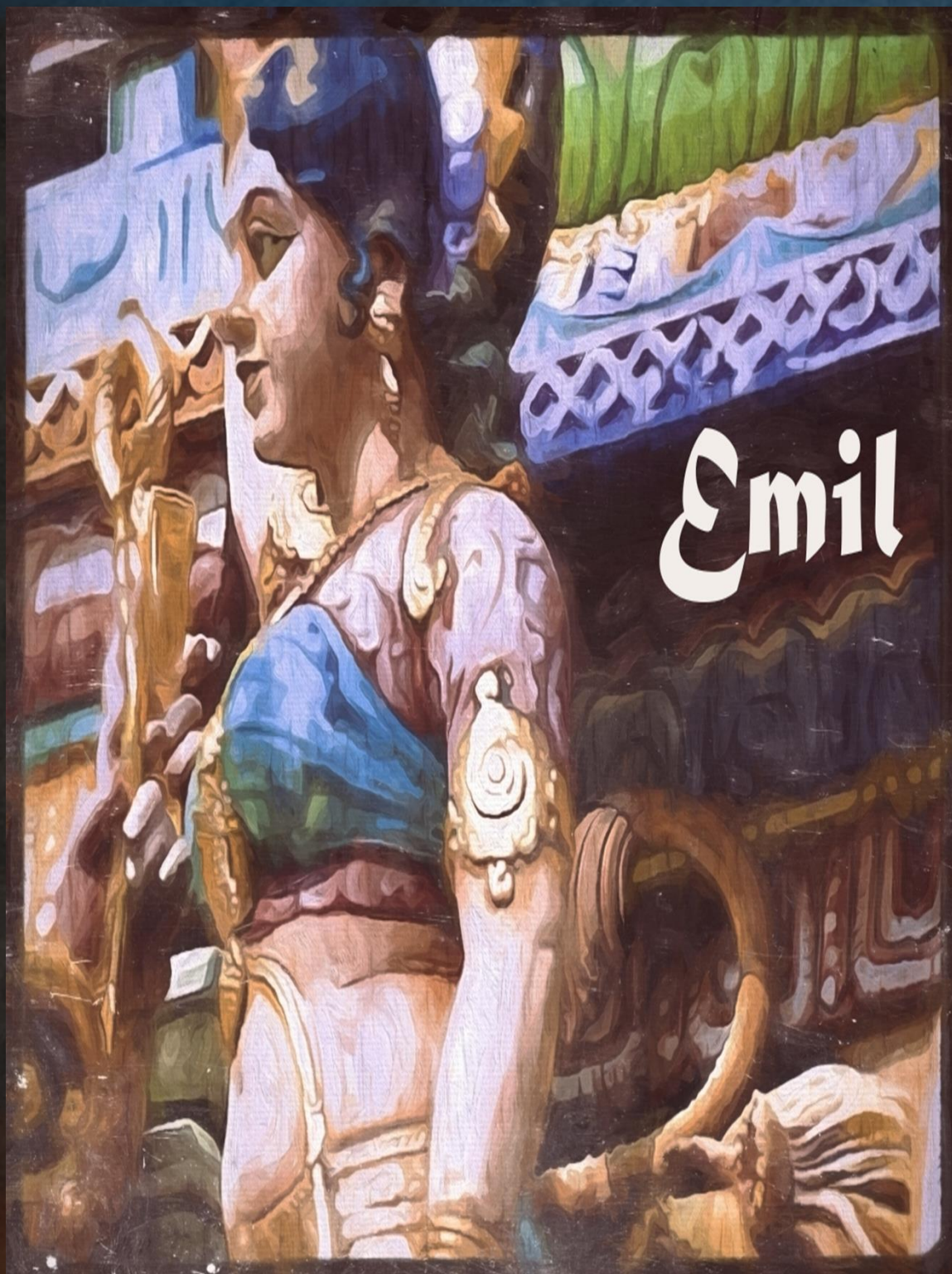




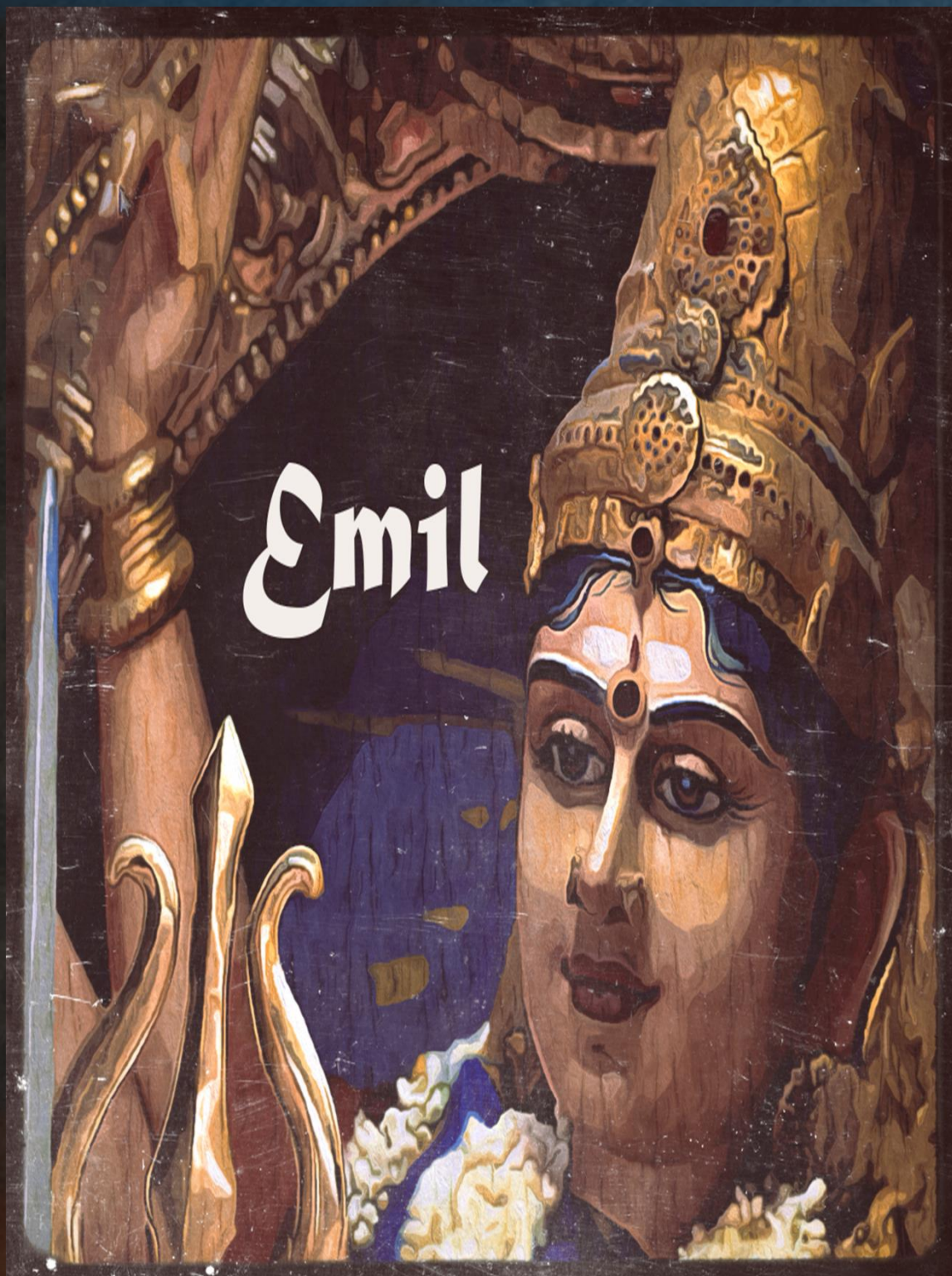




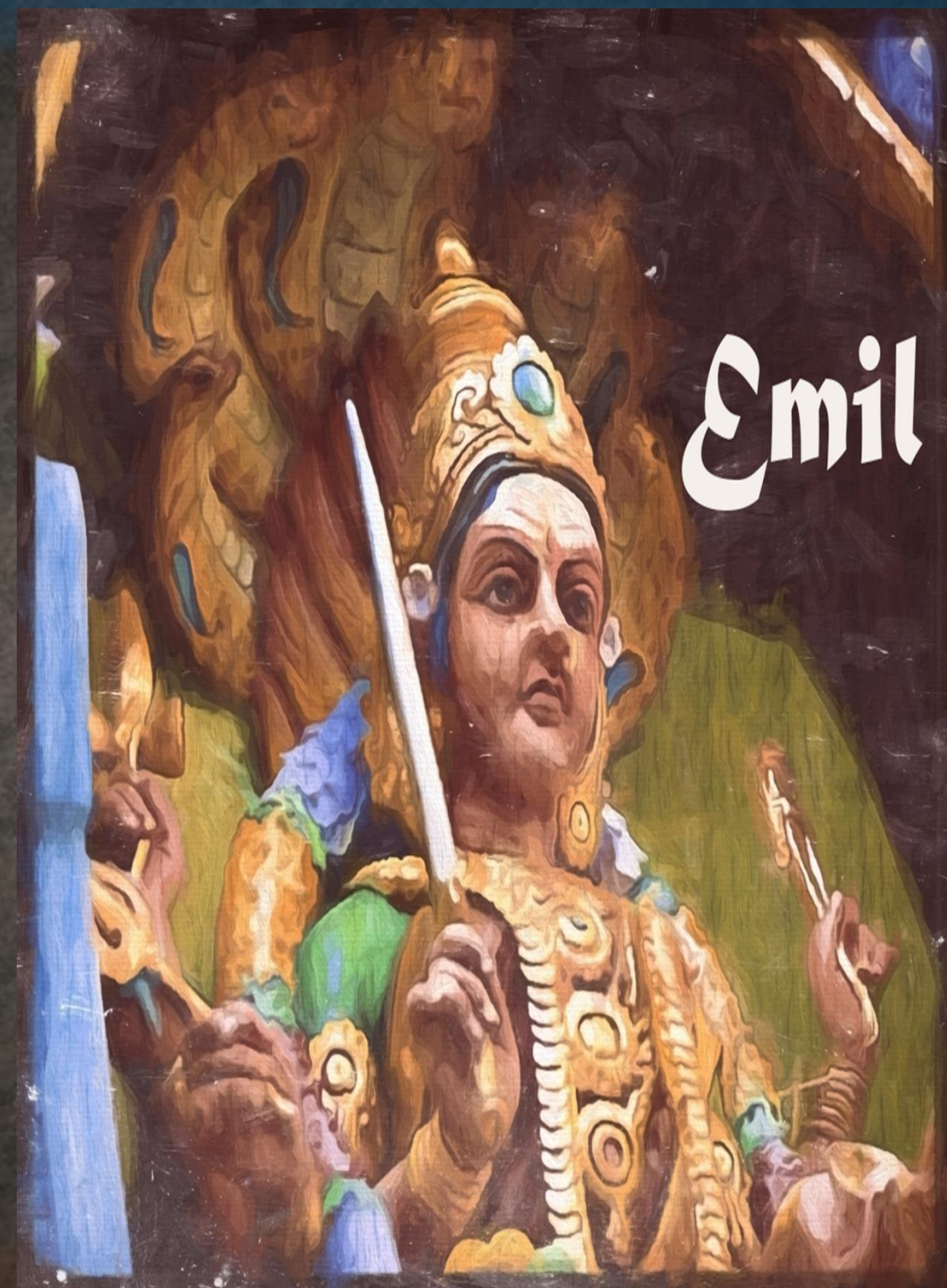












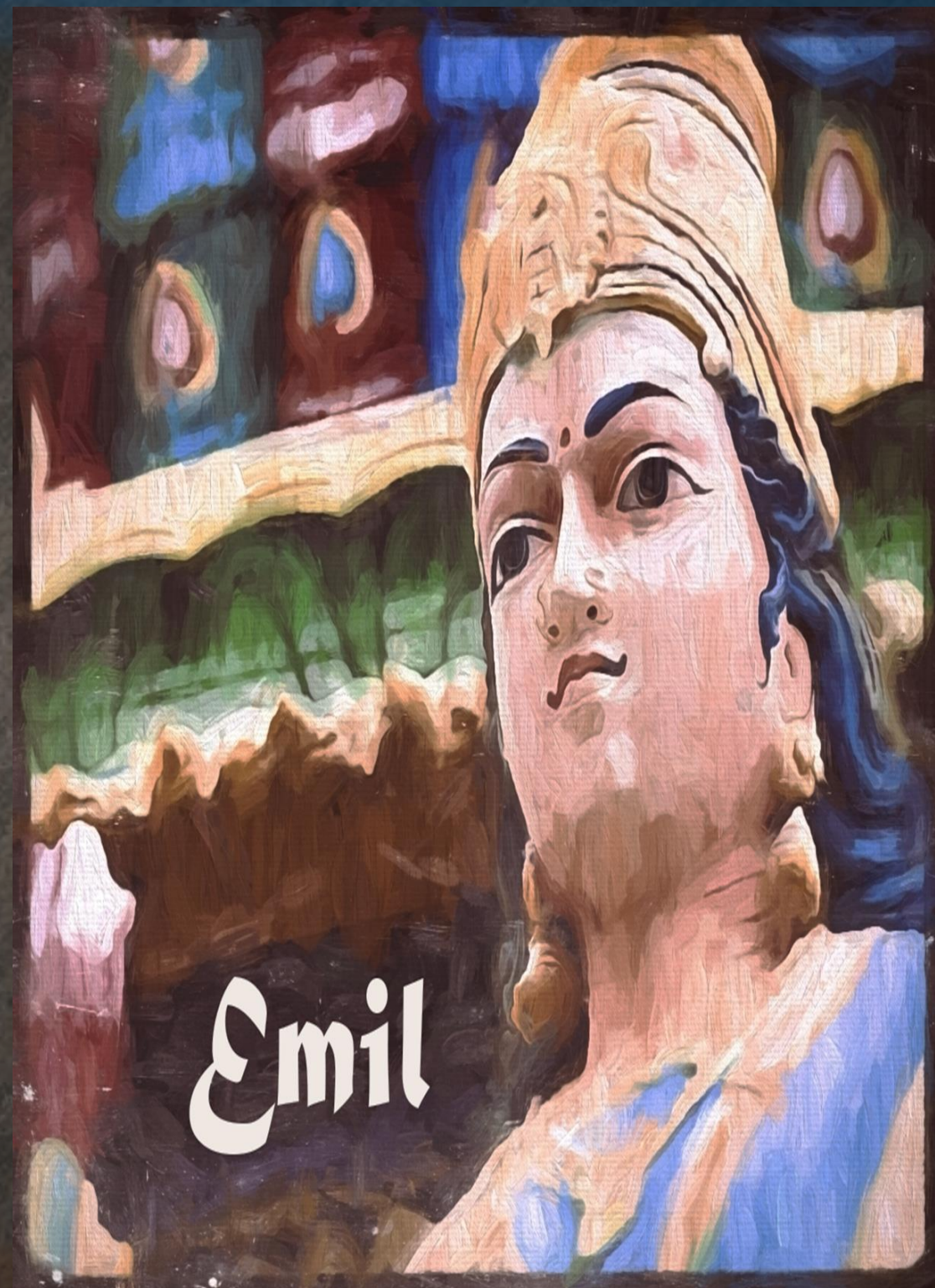








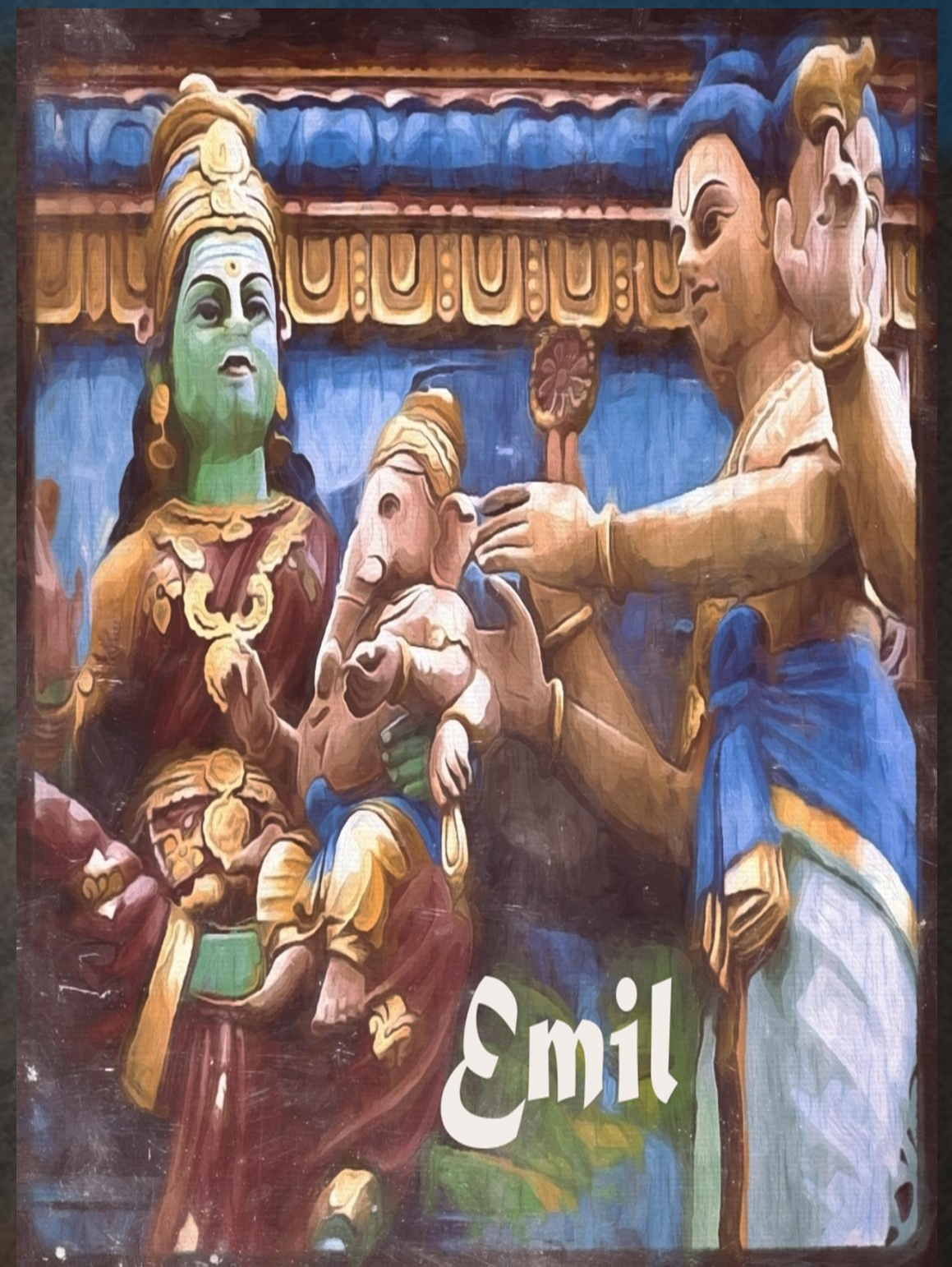
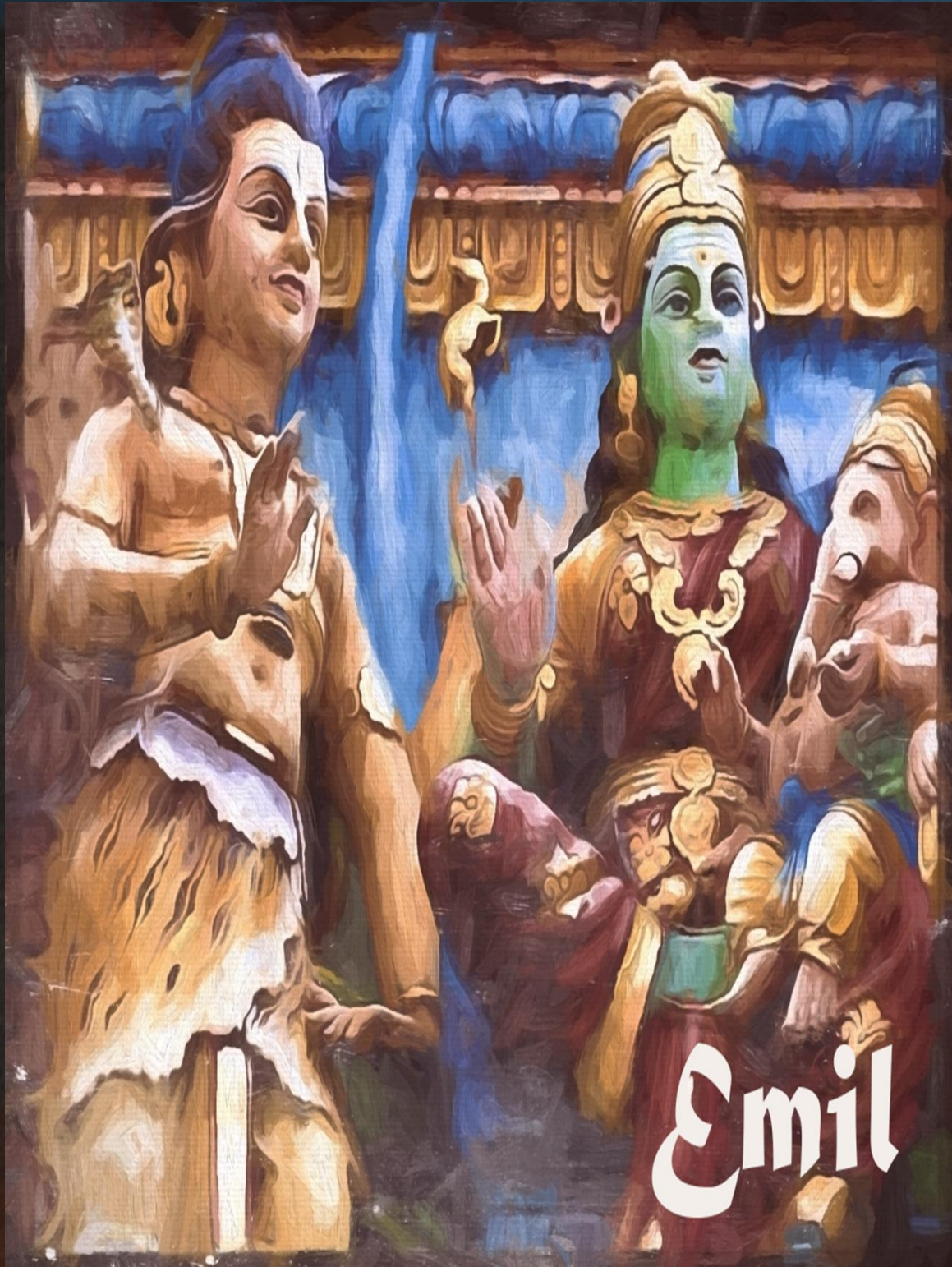




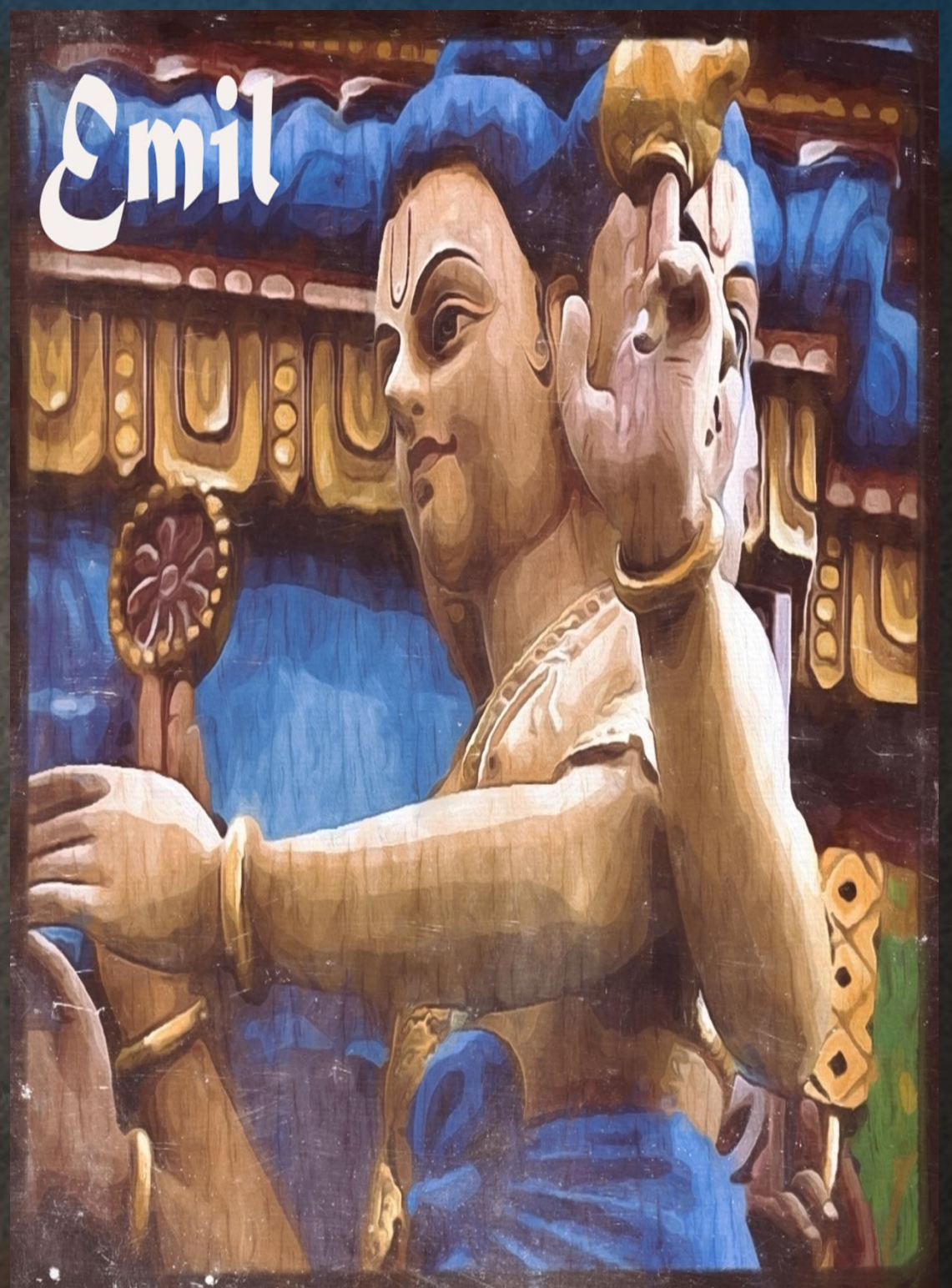
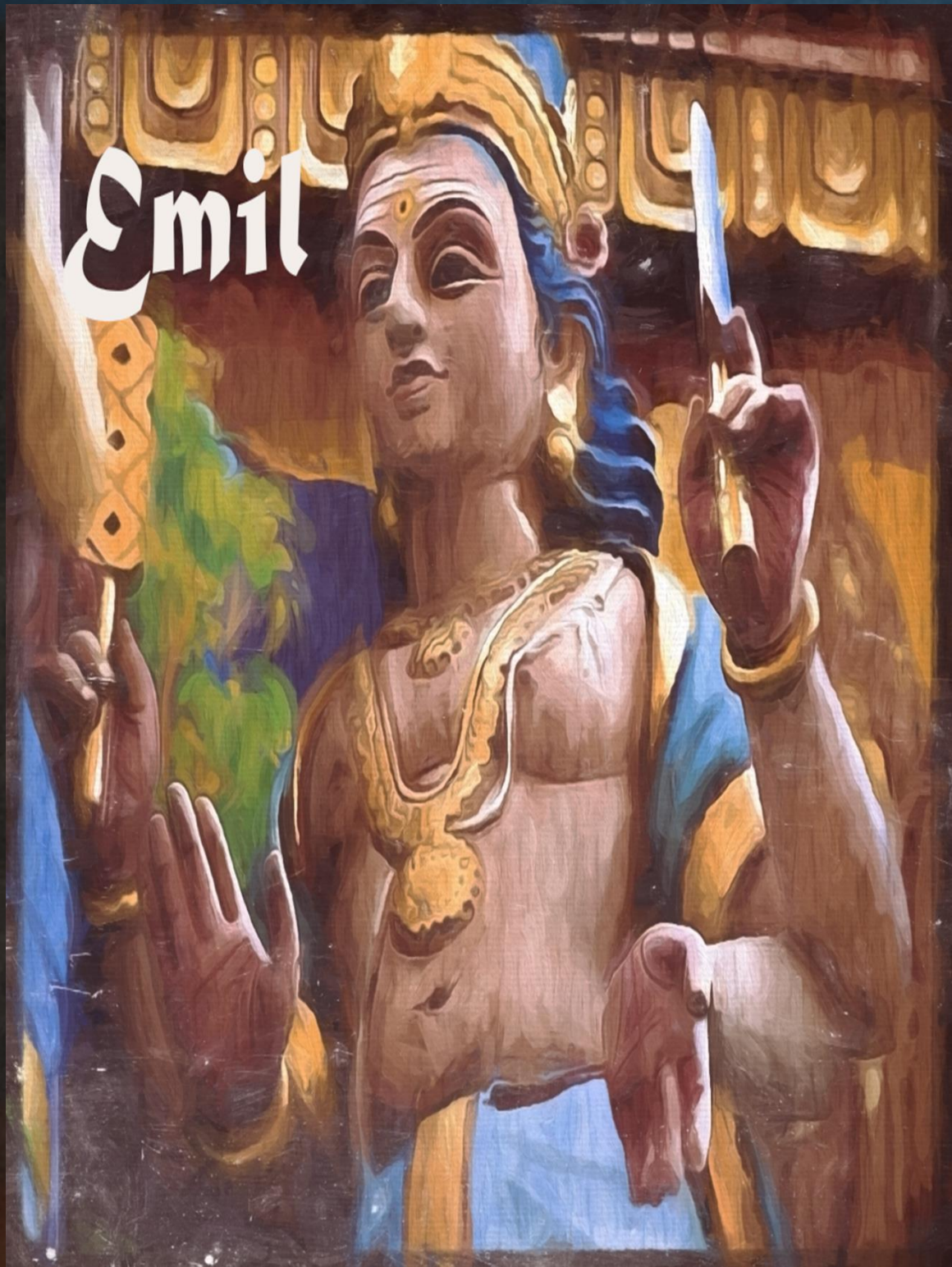




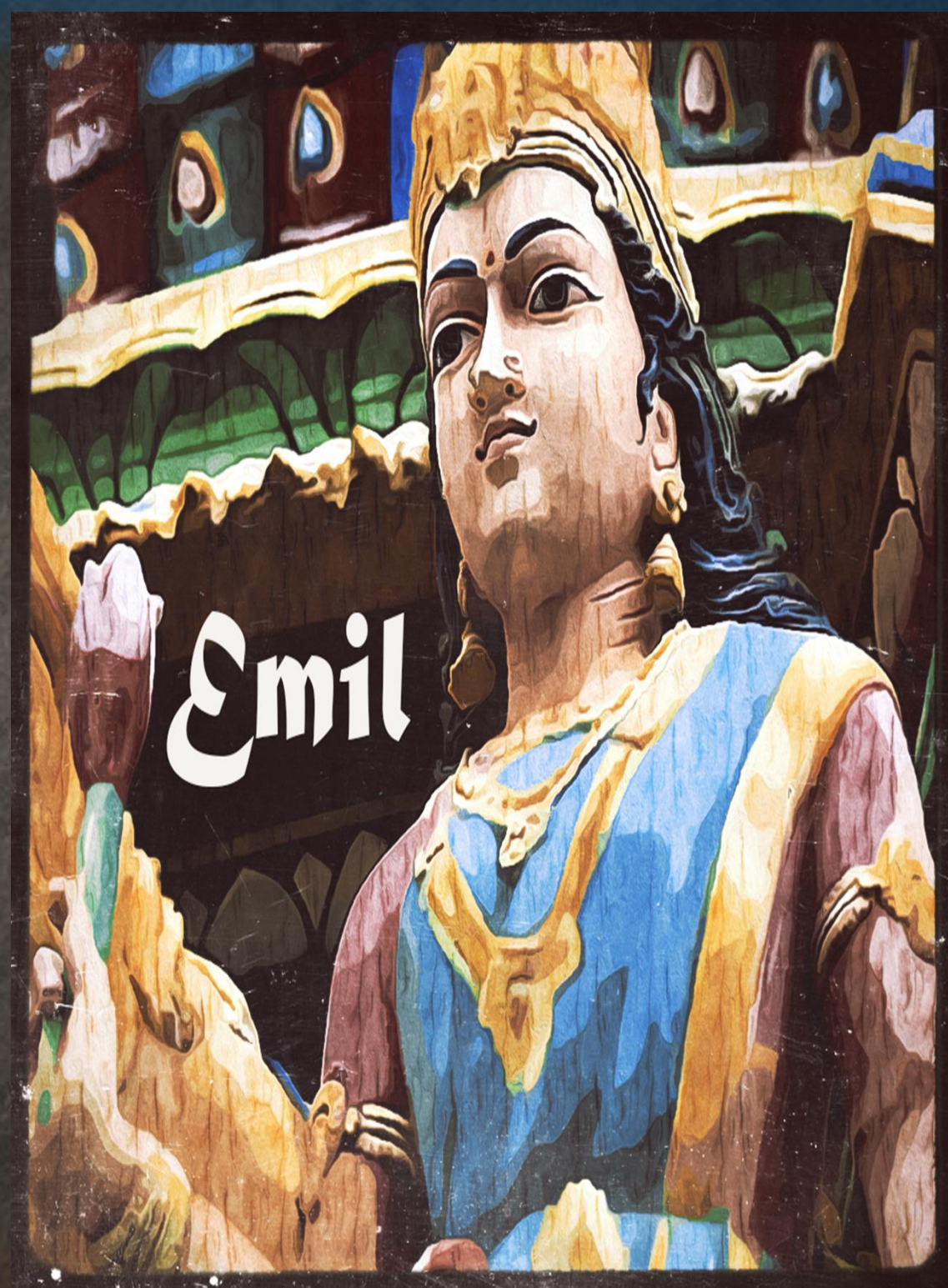








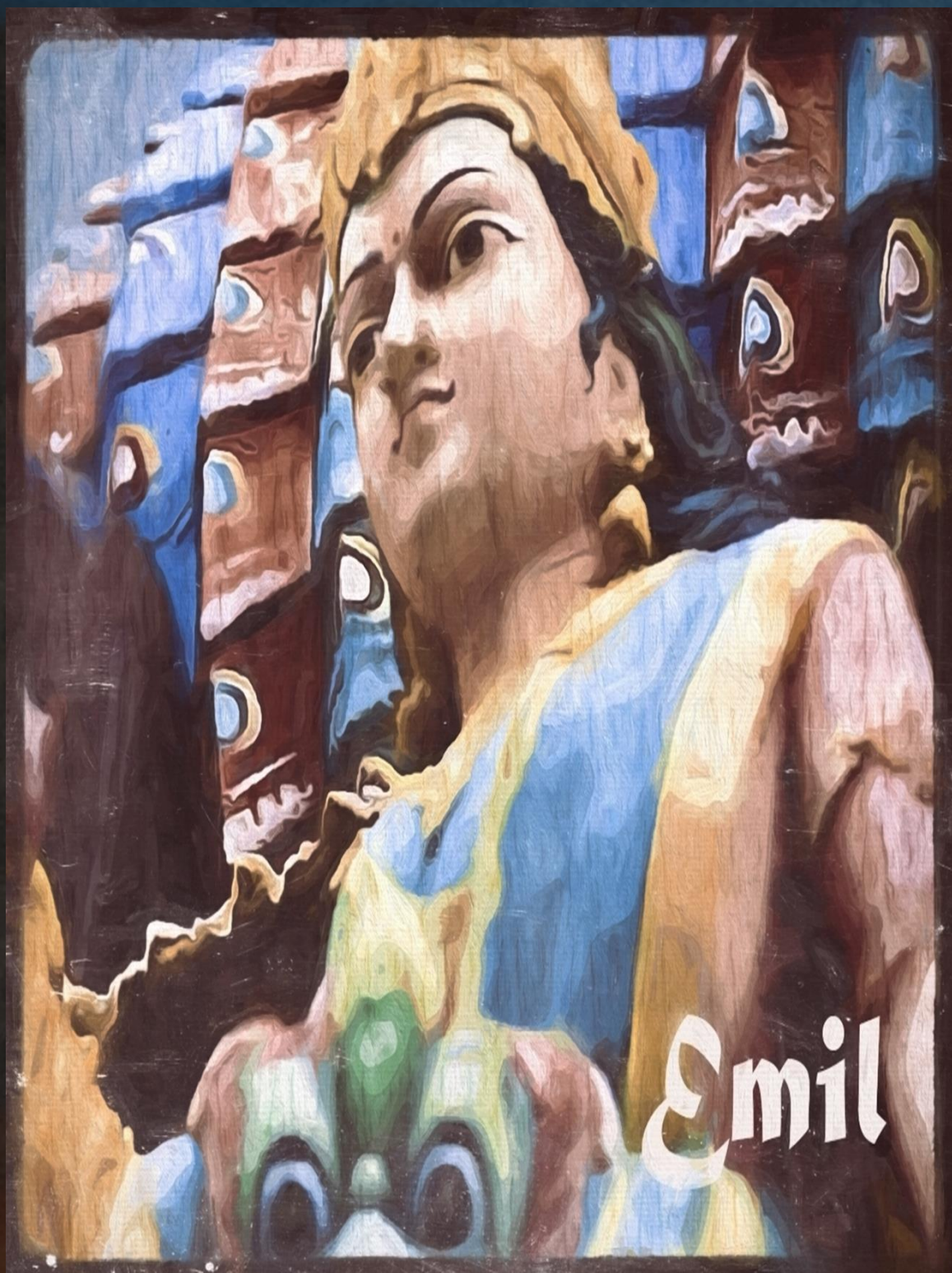




















Emil













Emil





















Emil













## SADNESS AT DAWN...

Sadness comes with the deal...

Life always sucks!

Sadness is the price that we pay for being human and as our great guru James used to teach us, is that sadness does prove that we are.

I thought about what I just wrote and it seems fake or like a greeting card slogan rather a real thought but, sadness is a part of who we are and for the most part...

It does suck - anyone who says otherwise is in a sense of denial.

Maybe, I am just tired and wasted for the ravages of the past weeks but, there is a deep, inner core that wants to just leave it all behind and start anew...

Even now, at 63...?





## "LIVE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!"

Alan Cohen once sang that if "your life is not joyful; you're missing your purpose...

Perhaps, now is the time to look at what you have created, are you living your dream?

What would you rather have or would that bring you joy...?"

The sad part is that we all know the cryptic, answer(s) and even, the sadder truth is that (except for a handful) we lack the courage to take action...we fear rocking the boat...

While Alan is praise-worthy for the advice, it rings as hallow as the endless rows of greeting cards that lay scattered about, long forgotten in your memory chest.

Faded fotos and lost, sweet dreams of sea dragons and wishes...each never meant to be any more than Pukie-bears and five-cent Cuban Cigars.





## "LIVE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!"

"Waitress!" another Hemmingway for my friend, it would have been his birthday today...

Why yes!

That would be sweat and I will not forget you when I settle my tab.

Where and why I came to think of this was the sad fact that I understand that we are nothing but a collection of missteps, soiled deeds and wishful thoughts as to how we will justify the things that we did, on that day of reckoning, will we stand tall or scurry and dive for the shadows while we plead that it was not us, we were but a product of what others and their misdeeds created in us.

The sun seems slow to rise and as I wait for it as my reason to get up and leave this dive bar in my friend's favorite stomping group...





## "LIVE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!"

I raise my cup, I'd tip my hat but, it too is long gone...Here is to the departed and the soiled memories that this place, his place, creates in me.

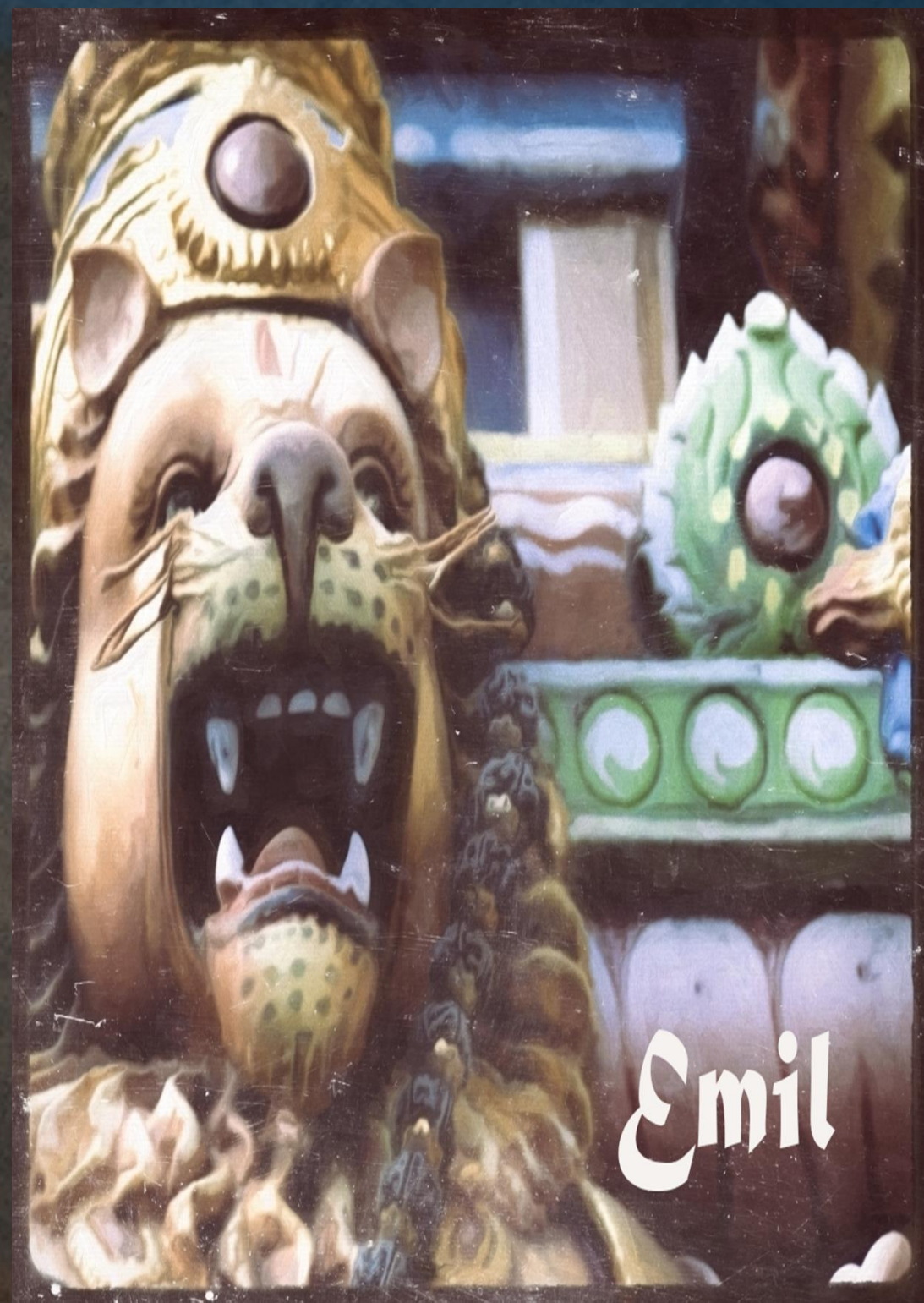
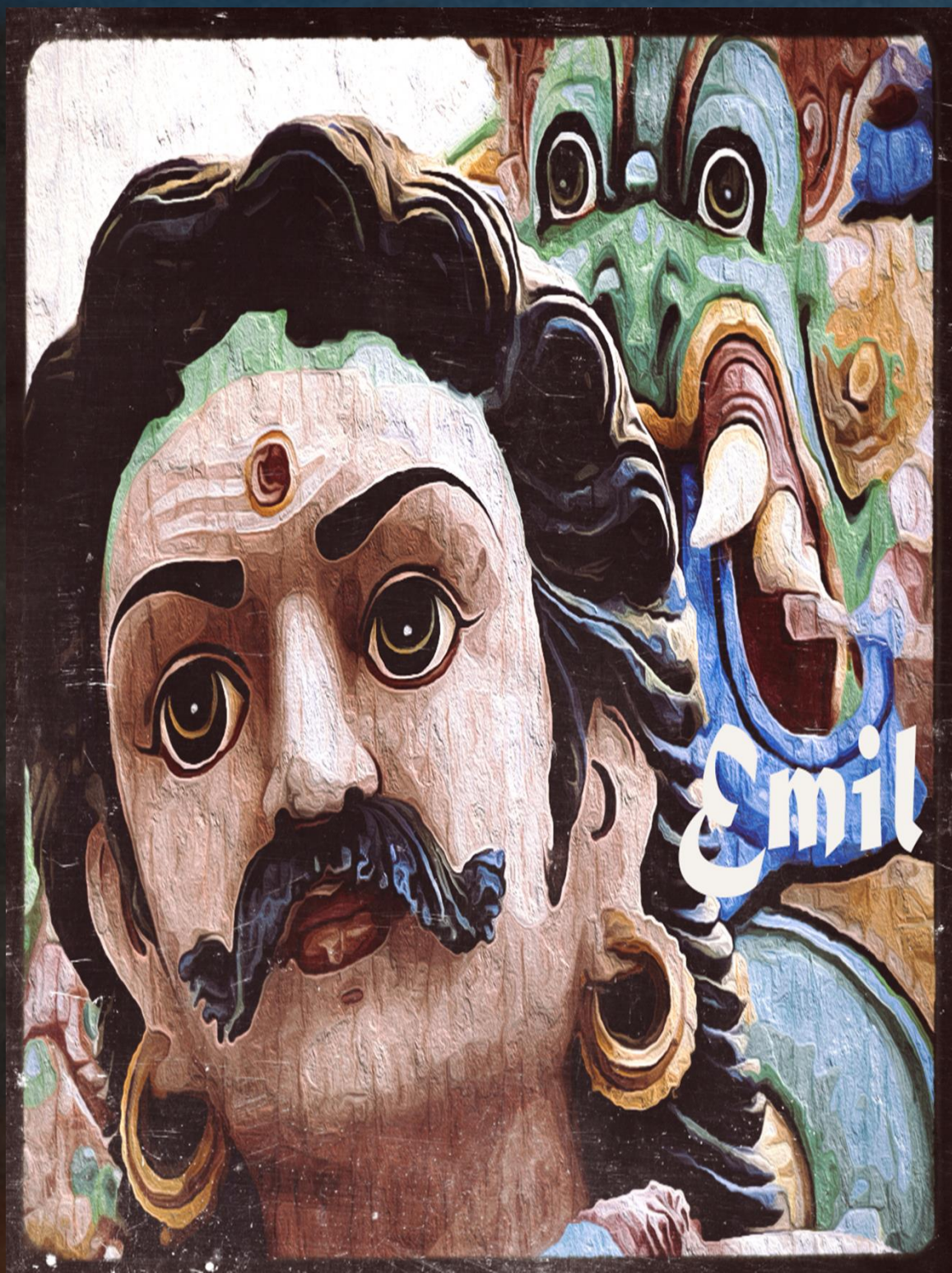
Head out of downtown to my refuge here,  
Somewhat near the beach,  
I hear the boats heading in from a long drawl  
up and down the coast...  
I hope the catch was good...

Plentiful,  
Then, we will eat well tonight...

"Waitress"

Another Hemmingway for my friend,  
it would have been his birthday,  
yesterday.

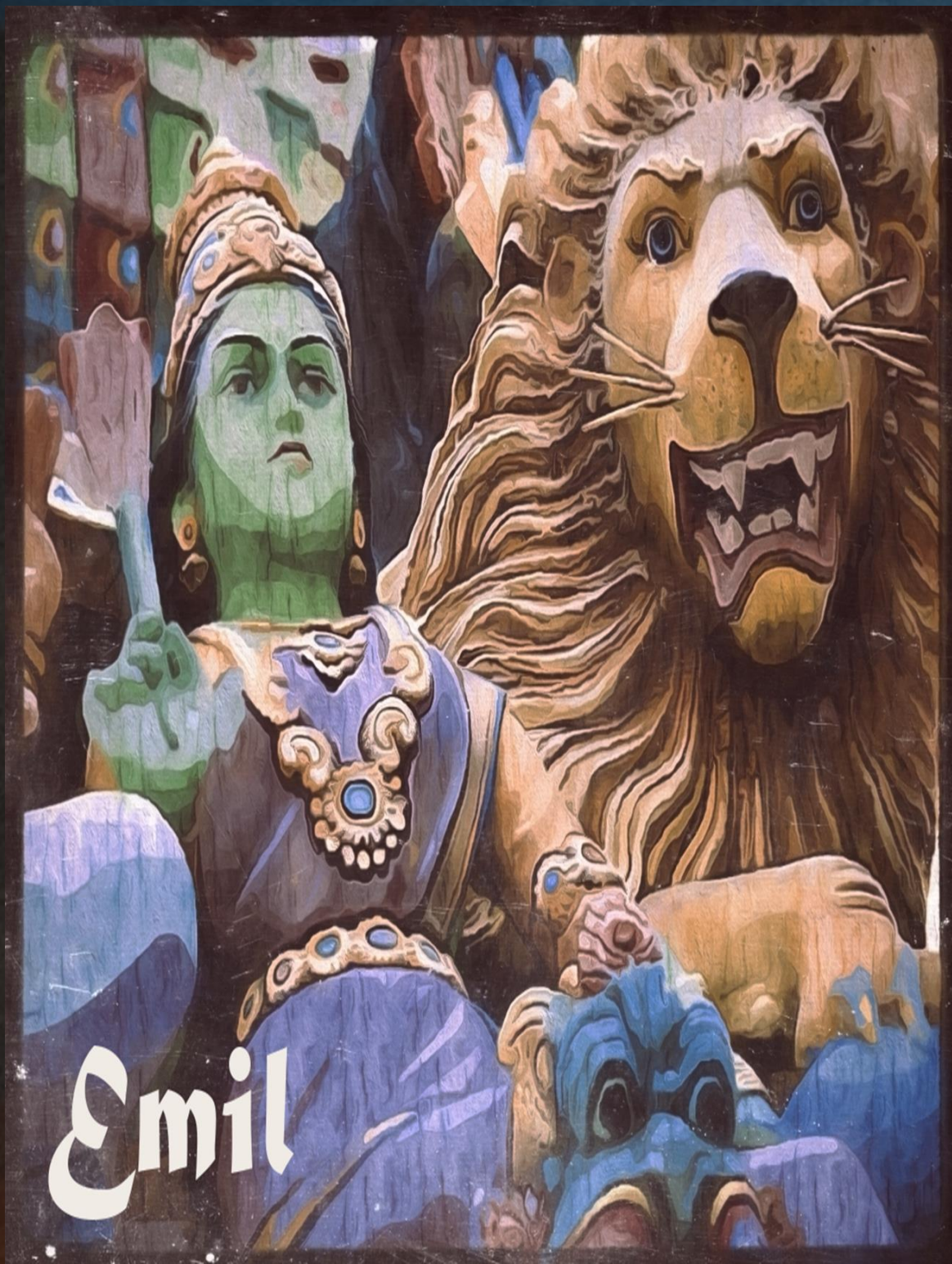




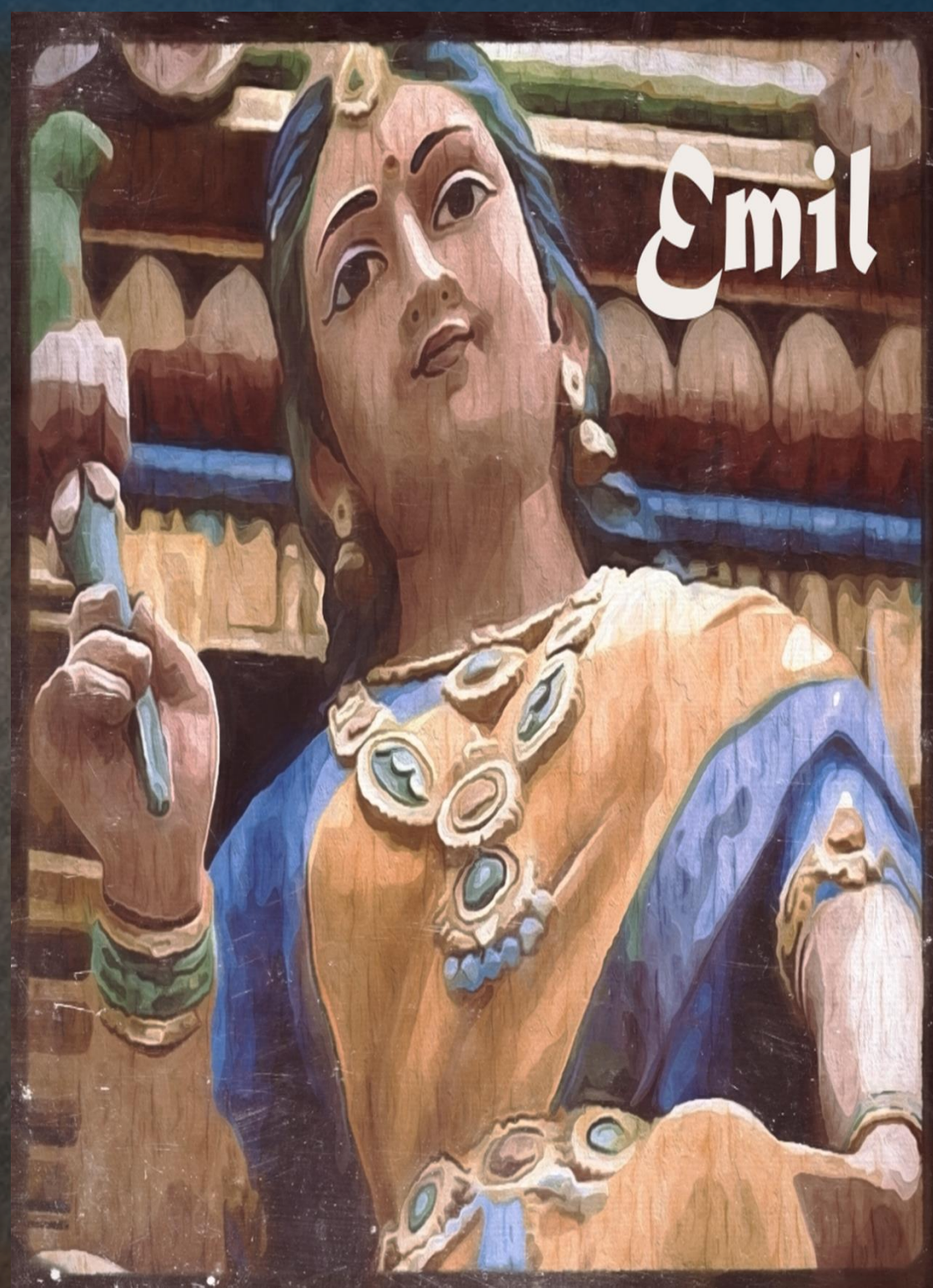




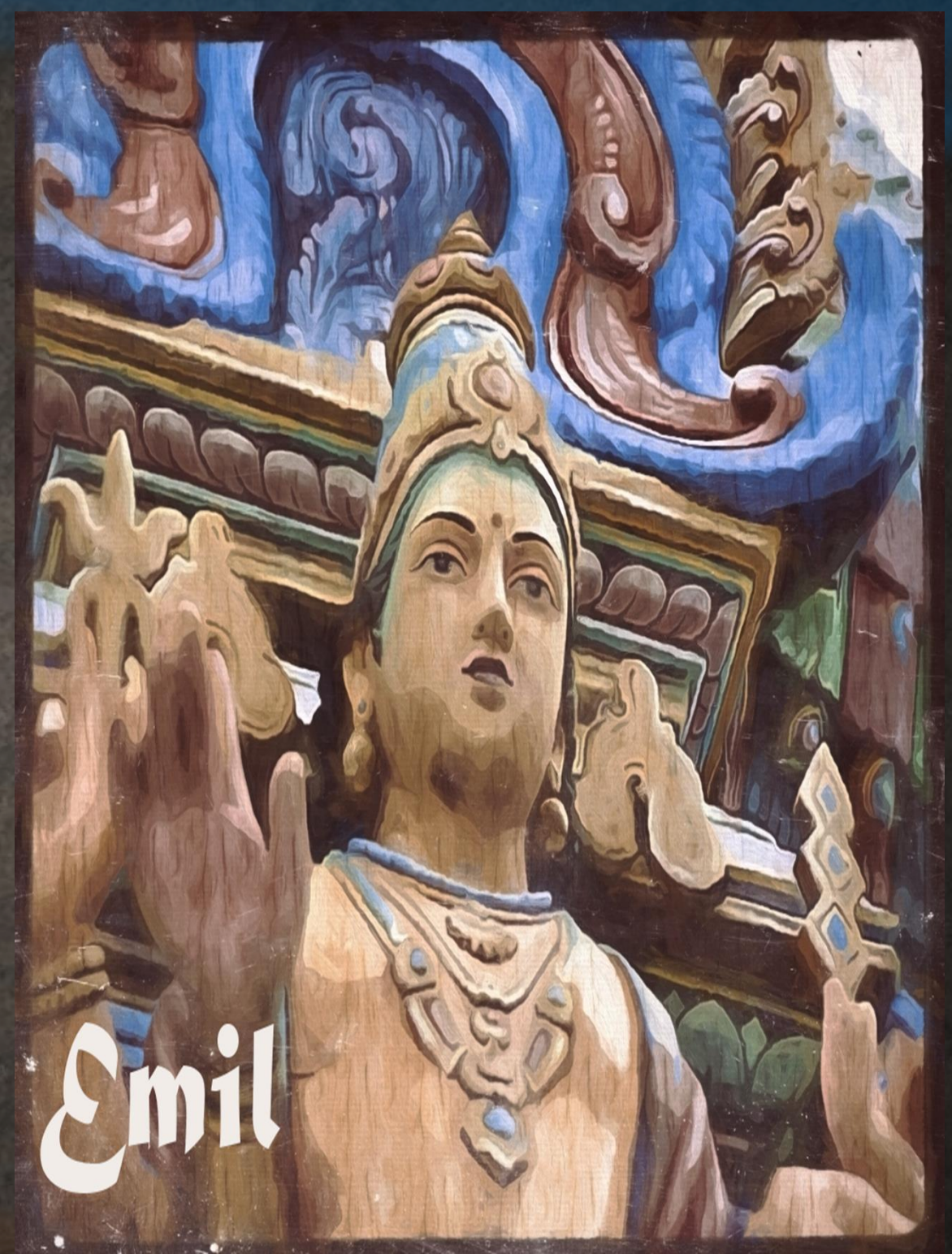














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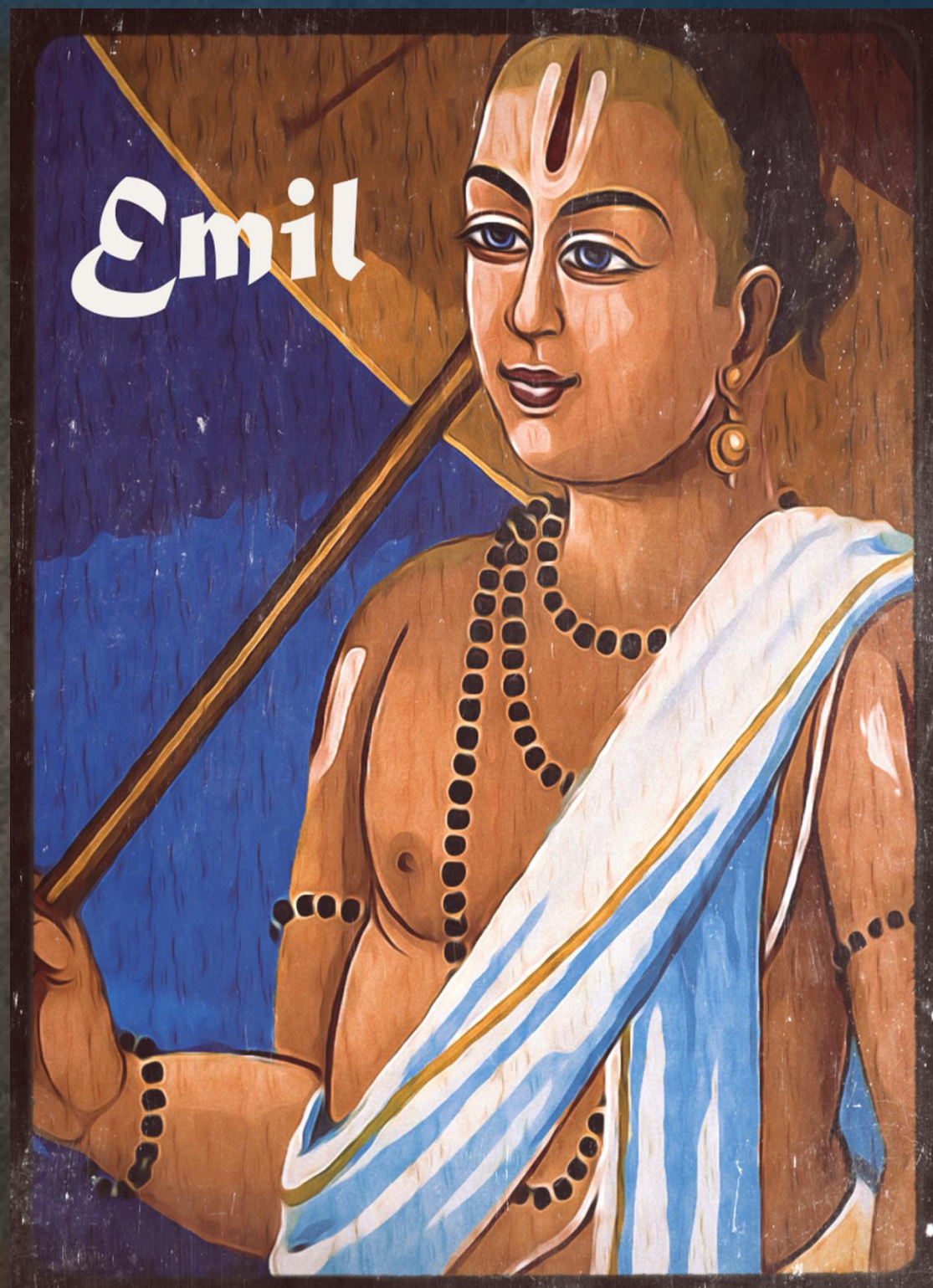




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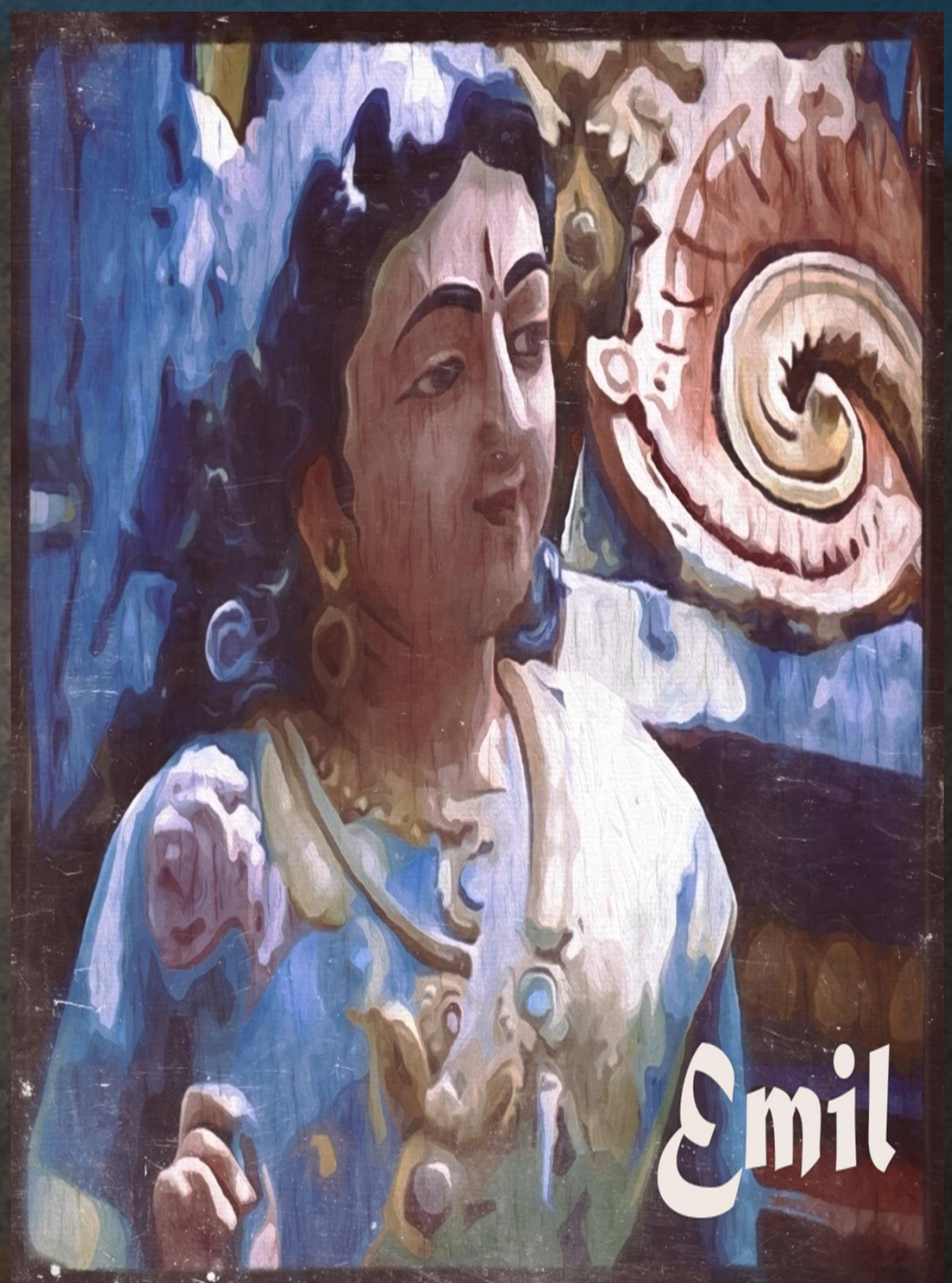
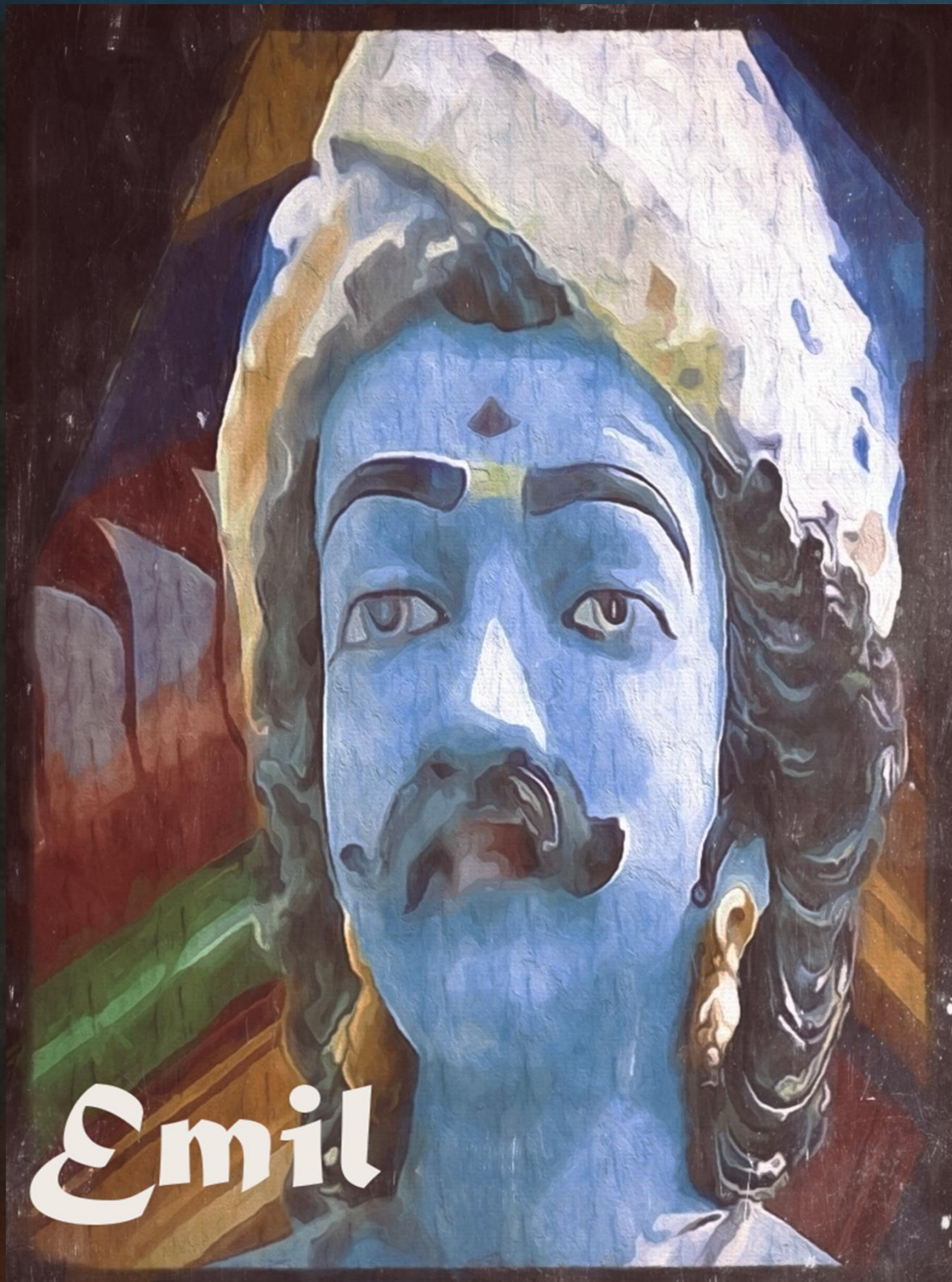








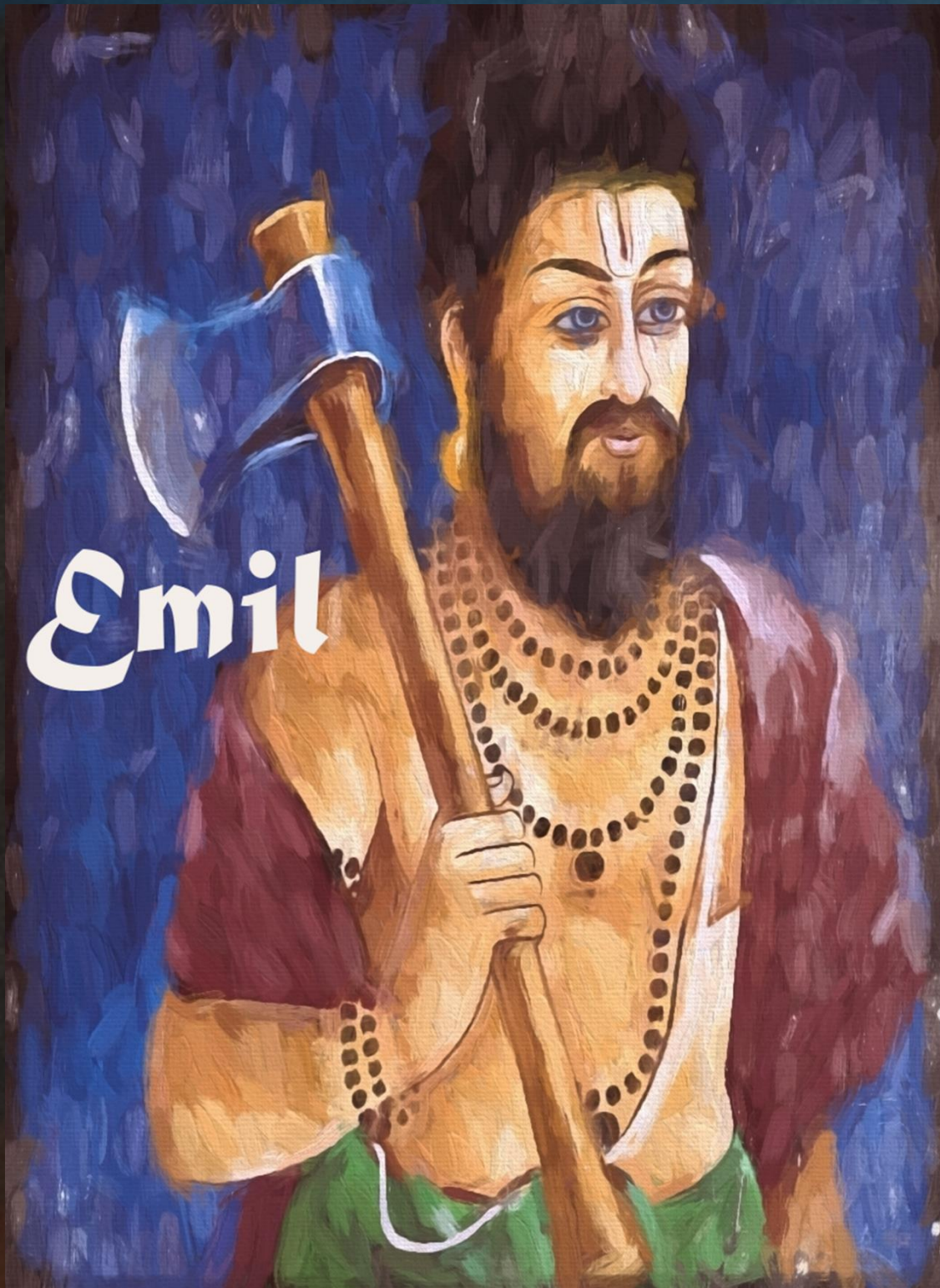












“...Can mercy be found in the heart of  
her who was born of the stone?  
Where she not merciless,  
Would she kick the breast of her lord?  
Men call you merciful,  
But there is no trace of mercy in you,  
Mother.

You have cut off the heads of the children  
of others, and these you wear as a  
garland around your neck.

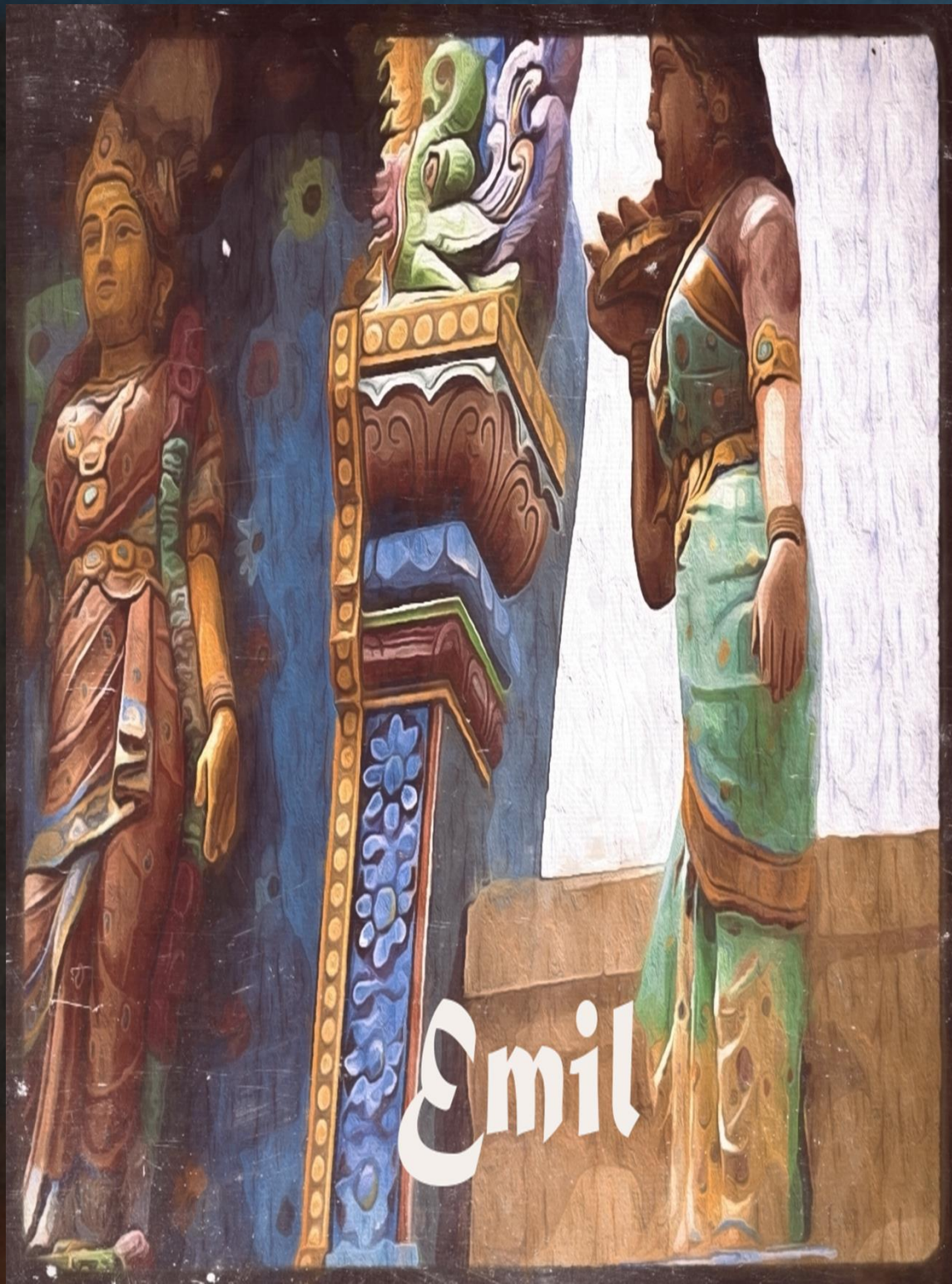
It matters not how much I call you  
"Mother, Mother."

You hear me,

But

You will not listen..."





## “THE ONLY THING CONSISTENT...”

The only thing my long life, as I sit here on this spacious, park bench, is/was that I have consistently made bad choices, selections and always kicked opportunity away even when it bites me on the butt... I have been proud to brag about this consistent ability to release havoc and drama into what would have seemed a simple, straight forward path through life. But, then, again, this is a reflection of who I really am and not what I would like or fancy myself to be.

Truthful, this is the core of all my sad shack tales of misguided adventure and as to old lady luck's consistent amusement to set great opportunities in my path just to see how well and utterly I have





## “THE ONLY THING CONSISTENT...”

developed to defeat, to rout victory and run it over the cliff – actually, I have literally done that...another story for yet another time.

It would be fair to say that I am totally at fault and go to extreme lengths to lay waste to every good thing that has passed by me.

A vain man would make excuses but, here I brag?

See, I am a twisted old fart and to argue otherwise would make me my mom.

Great, fun gal but, everything was always someone else's fault, the whole of the universe conspired to do what has been done to her as it has done to me...

Guess, this is genic?





## “THE ONLY THING CONSISTENT...”

But, the true difference is that I understand that it was me...

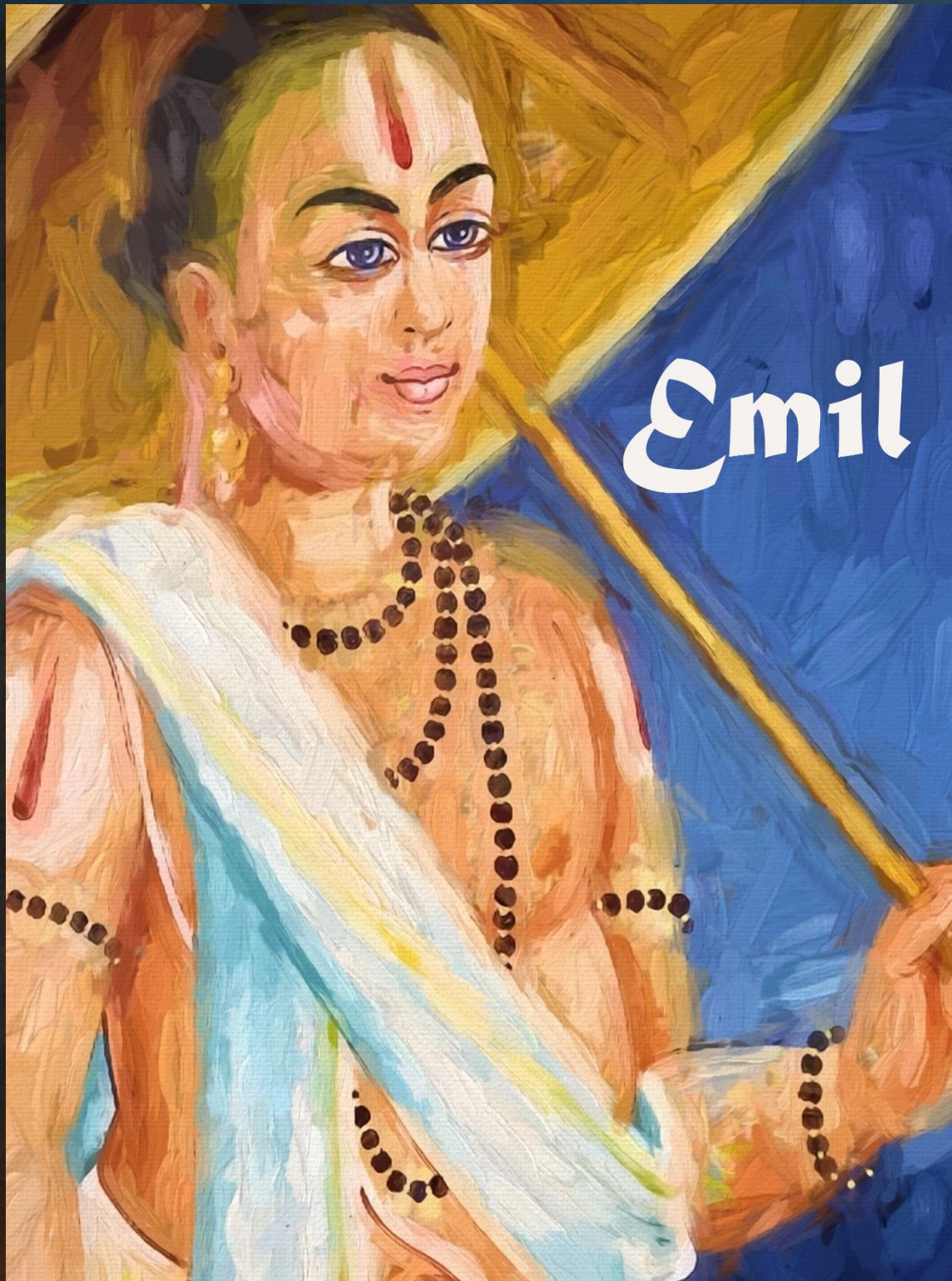
Yes, Ma; I do have the courage to stand here on the steps and confess, to proclaim that I only am to blame...thank you very much!!!

Don't think twice...

Don't defend me...

Let it go and be done with the truth that we are who we are and that no “could have...should have or would have” makes a damn bit of difference as...at some point we must look in the mirror and realize that it is us that created the conspiracy, whispered and ushered it forwards, vended off those who would have given us the benefit of doubt or offered us resolution.





## “THE ONLY THING CONSISTENT...”

Where did that come from?  
See how the mind of a twisted, old fart  
behaves and how easily it can leap over  
the Himalayas in order to make a point  
that wasn't worth a trip to the door little  
alone an adventure to the lost plateaus  
of the Tibetan Highlands.

I discovered this on that leap...  
Standing frozen,  
Grasping for breathe and lost a hundred  
miles from the border that I made the  
decision to cross illegally, standing here  
now as a Red Army truck swiftly  
approached me and my great sense to  
make matters worse...  
I start to run...  
Where?



# Emil





# Emil







Emil





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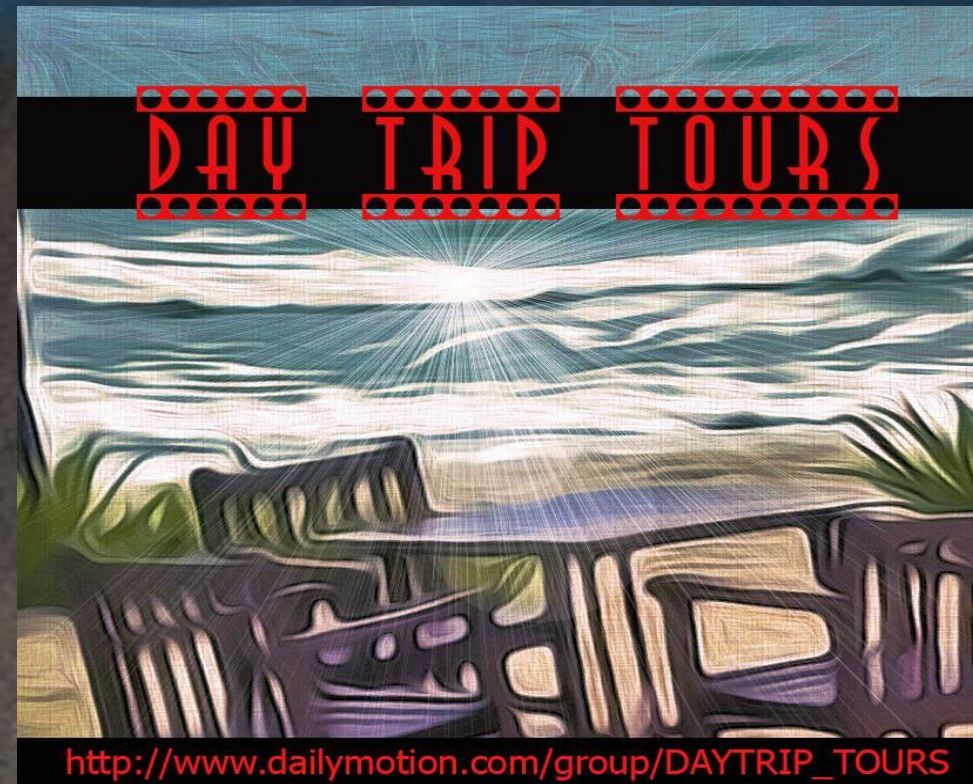






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